

# Shadow Comics

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NO. 3

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Featuring "The Shadow's Shadow"



trail blazer....



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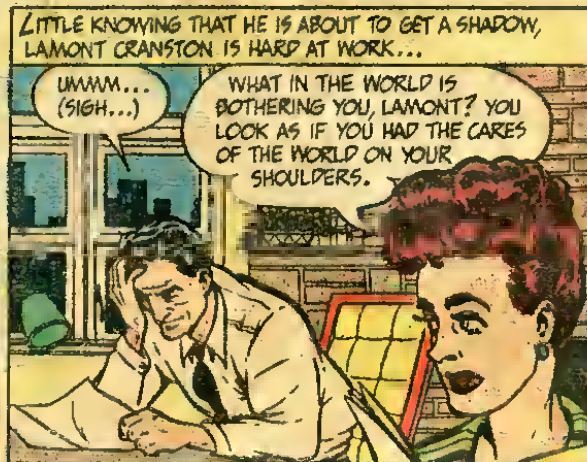
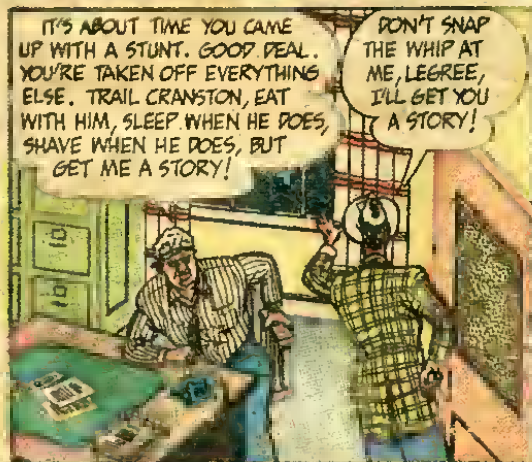
# THE SHADOW IN THE SHADOW'S SHADOW!



**EVERYONE KNOWS THAT THE SHADOW CAN, UNDER CERTAIN CIRCUMSTANCES BECOME INVISIBLE, BUT NOW, THE TIME HAS COME WHEN HE HAS TO BE IN TWO PLACES AT ONCE! HAS TO...OR THE WORST VILLAIN HE HAS EVER MATCHED WITS WITH WILL BE ON HIS TRAIL... FOLLOW THE EERIE FOOTSTEPS OF THE SHADOW'S SHADOW!**

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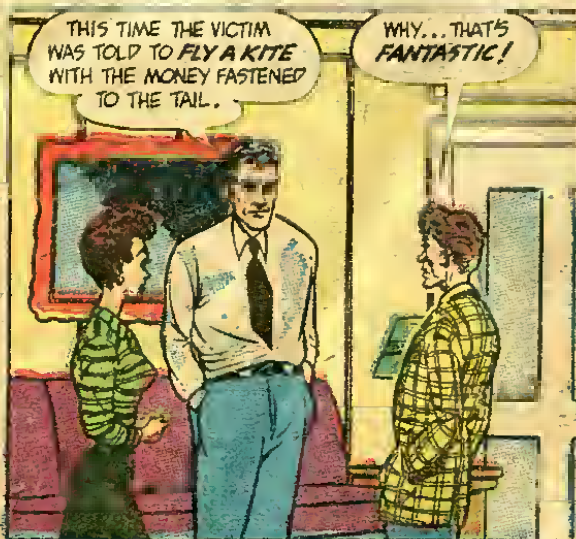




**TUNE IN**

EACH WEEK TO THE  
OF THE  
**SHADOW**

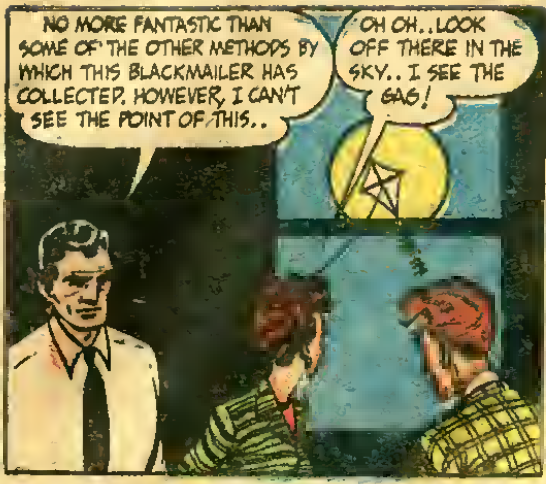




**THRILLING ADVENTURES**

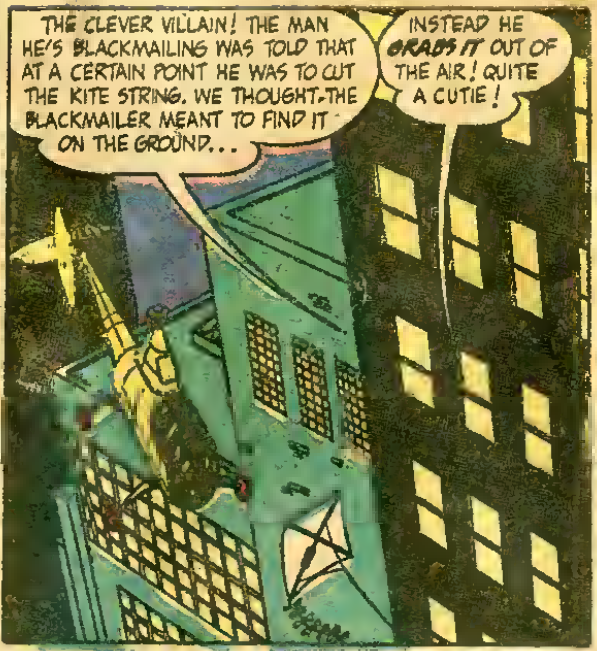
CONSULT YOUR LOCAL NEWSPAPERS FOR TIME AND STATION





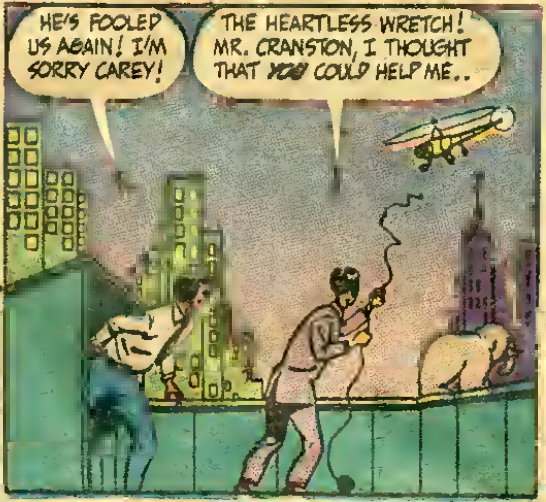
NO MORE FANTASTIC THAN SOME OF THE OTHER METHODS BY WHICH THIS BLACKMAILER HAS COLLECTED. HOWEVER, I CAN'T SEE THE POINT OF THIS..

OH OH.. LOOK OFF THERE IN THE SKY.. I SEE THE GAS!



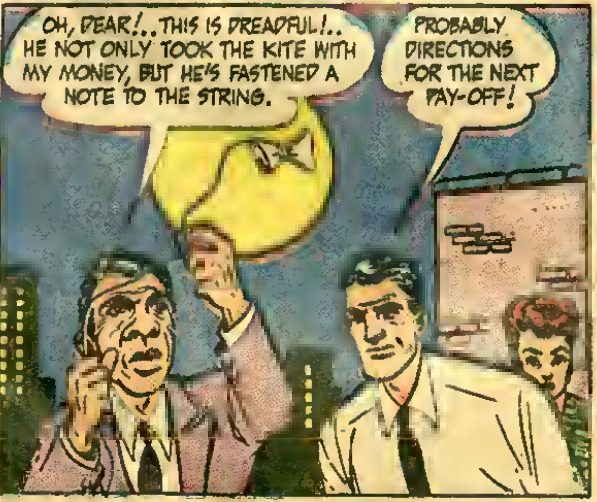
THE CLEVER VILLAIN! THE MAN HE'S BLACKMAILING WAS TOLD THAT AT A CERTAIN POINT HE WAS TO CUT THE KITE STRING. WE THOUGHT THE BLACKMAILER MEANT TO FIND IT ON THE GROUND...

INSTEAD HE GRABS IT OUT OF THE AIR! QUITE A CUTIE!



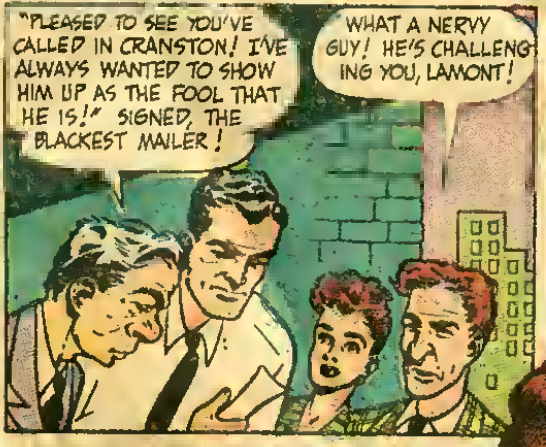
HE'S FOOLED US AGAIN! I'M SORRY CAREY!

THE HEARTLESS WRETCH! MR. CRANSTON, I THOUGHT THAT YOU COULD HELP ME..



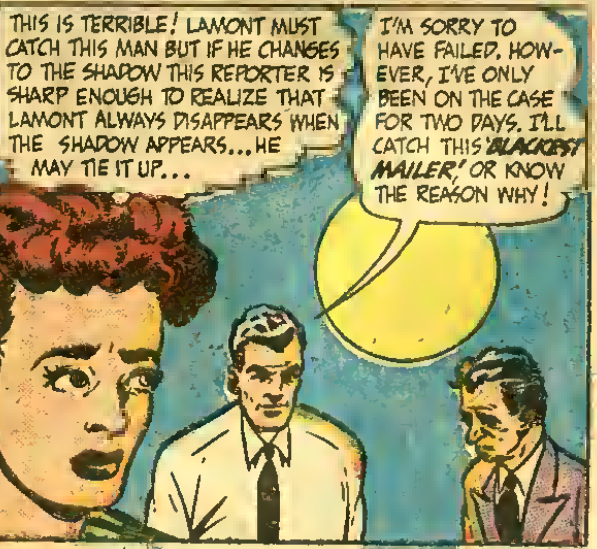
OH, DEAR!.. THIS IS DREADFUL!.. HE NOT ONLY TOOK THE KITE WITH MY MONEY, BUT HE'S FASTENED A NOTE TO THE STRING.

PROBABLY DIRECTIONS FOR THE NEXT PAY-OFF!



"PLEASED TO SEE YOU'VE CALLED IN CRANSTON! I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO SHOW HIM UP AS THE FOOL THAT HE IS!" SIGNED, THE BLACKEST MAILER!

WHAT A NERVY GUY! HE'S CHALLENGING YOU, LAMONT!



THIS IS TERRIBLE! LAMONT MUST CATCH THIS MAN BUT IF HE CHANGES TO THE SHADOW THIS REPORTER IS SHARP ENOUGH TO REALIZE THAT LAMONT ALWAYS DISAPPEARS WHEN THE SHADOW APPEARS... HE MAY TIE IT UP...

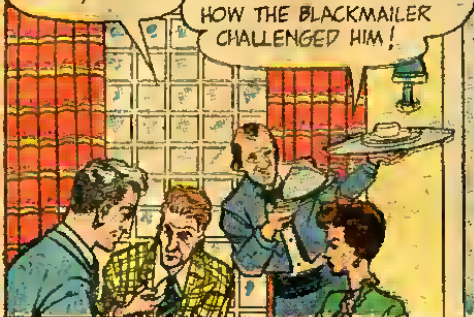
I'M SORRY TO HAVE FAILED, HOWEVER, I'VE ONLY BEEN ON THE CASE FOR TWO DAYS. I'LL CATCH THIS 'BLACKEST MAILER' OR KNOW THE REASON WHY!



THE REPORTER NEVER LEAVES CRANSTON'S SIDE...  
AT DINNER...

I TURNED IN  
MY FIRST STORY  
ON YOU, LAMONT.

'UMMM! WE SAW IT...  
YOU CERTAINLY MADE HIM  
LOOK LIKE A FOOL TELLING  
HOW THE BLACKMAILER  
CHALLENGED HIM!



THE NERVE  
OF HIM!

ON THE BEACH! AND I DON'T  
EVEN KNOW WHO THE VICTIM IS THIS  
TIME. BUT I DO HAVE A FEW HOURS  
TO PREPARE... THE BEACH...  
LET ME SEE...



HANDICAPPED BY THE SNOOPING REPORTER,  
AWARE OF THE DANGER THAT HE WILL SUS-  
PECT THAT CRANSTON IS *THE SHADOW*, LAMONT PLANS...

I WAS OUT HERE  
EARLIER LOOKING OVER THE  
LAY OF THE LAND. I CAN ONLY  
THINK OF ONE WAY THAT THE  
BLACKMAILER CAN COLLECT!

ARE YOU  
PREPARED FOR  
HIM?



AS THE MINUTES TICK OFF TOWARDS MIDNIGHT...

LAMONT... THAT'S JOHN  
BARRY.. THE ACTOR WHO  
MAKES MODEL BOATS AS  
A HOBBY!

AND THE BLACKMAILER  
IS HAVING HIM USE HIS  
HOBBY FOR THE PAY-OFF!  
FINE...

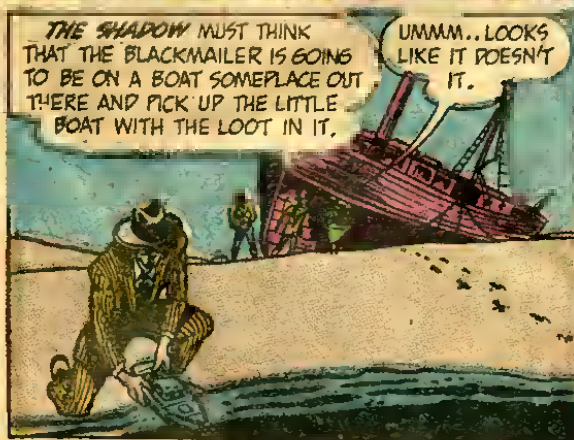
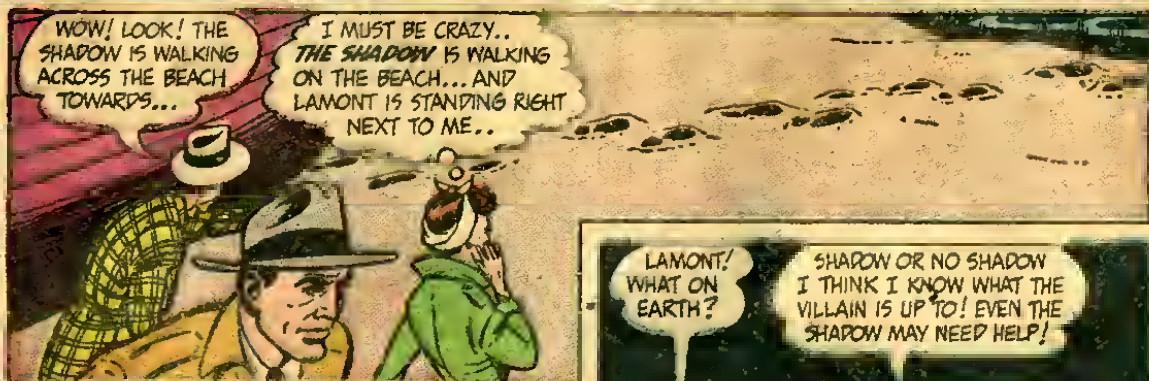


SSST... PORTER  
LOOK ABOVE US ON  
THE BOAT..

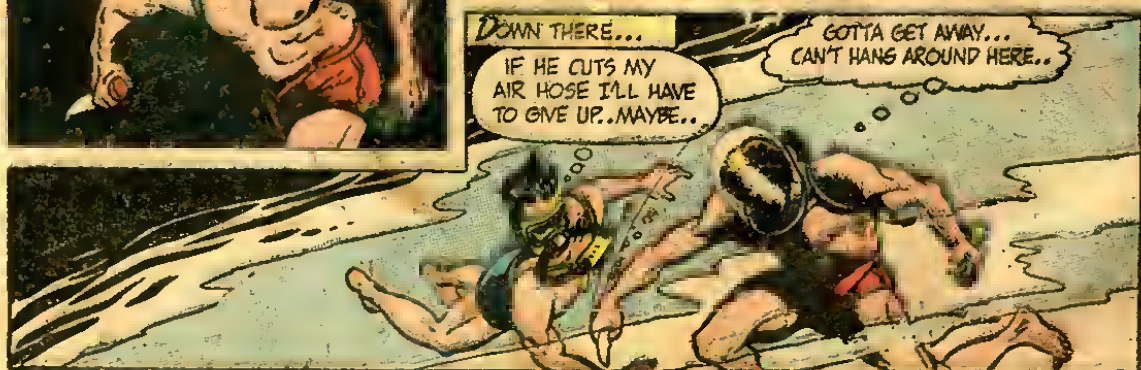
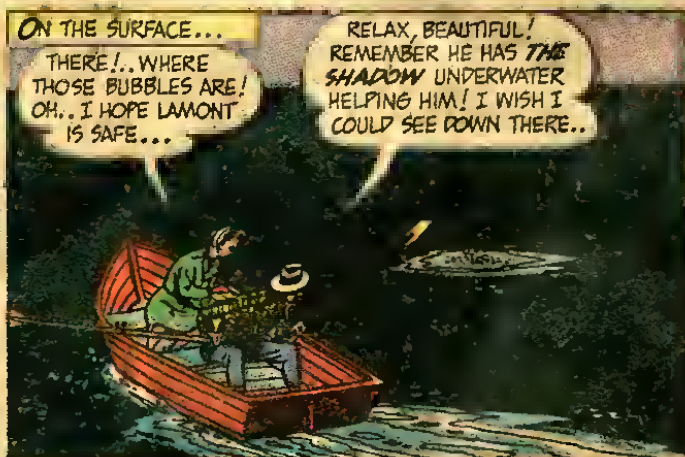
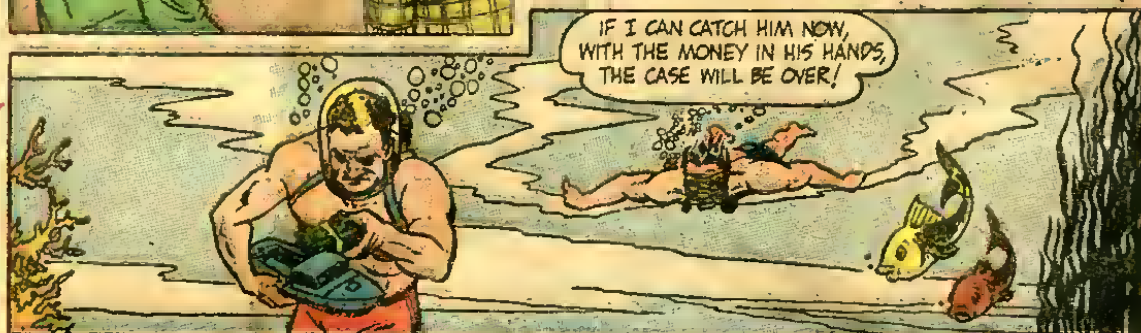
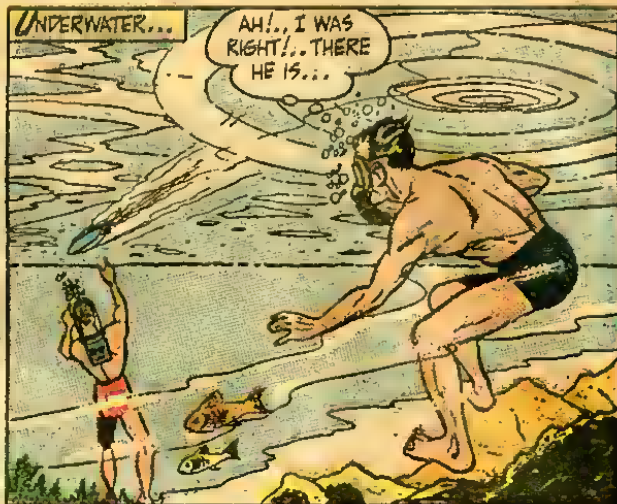
HUH? YOU MEAN THE  
LITTLE BOAT OR THIS ONE  
WE'RE HIDING UNDER?



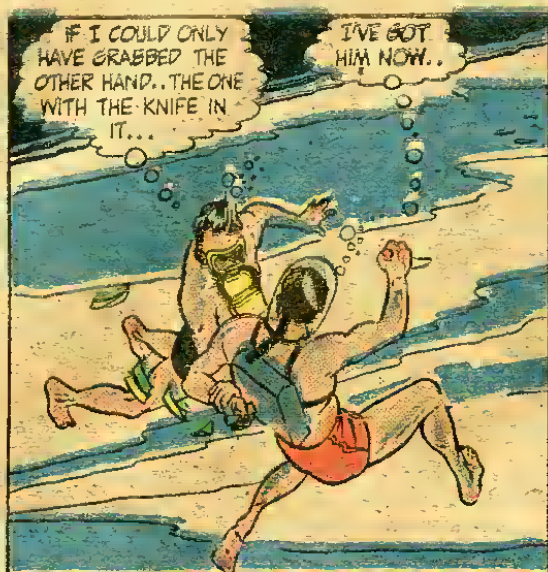












IF I COULD ONLY HAVE GRABBED THE OTHER HAND... THE ONE WITH THE KNIFE IN IT...

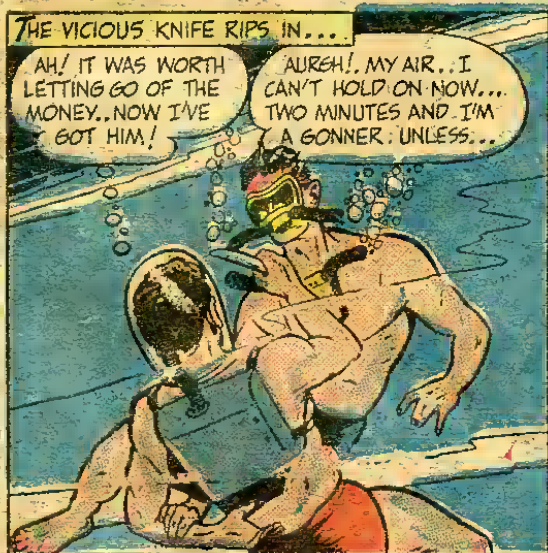
I'VE GOT HIM NOW...



MARGO WATCHES ANXIOUSLY AND SEES...

GEE... I WISH THEY'D COME UP! THIS IS NERVE WRACKING NOT KNOWING WHAT'S GOING ON DOWN THERE!

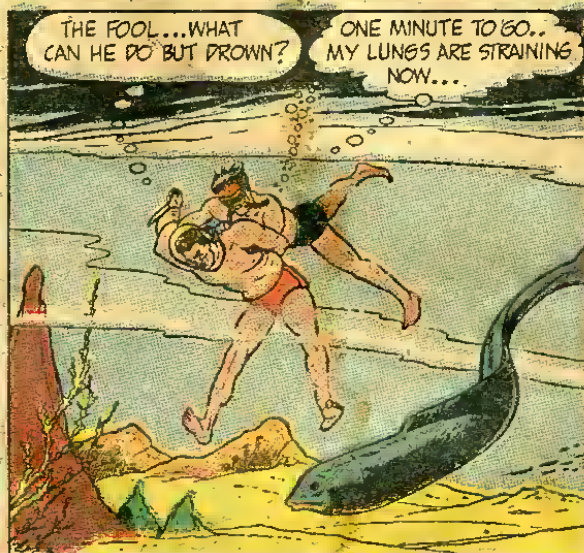
LOOK... FLOATING IN THE WATER... MONEY! THE BLACKMAILER HAS LET GO OF THE LOOT!



THE VICIOUS KNIFE RIPS IN...

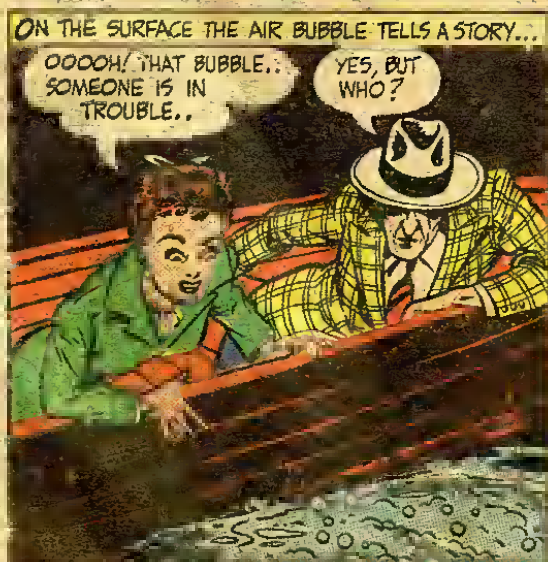
AH! IT WAS WORTH LETTING GO OF THE MONEY... NOW I'VE GOT HIM!

AUREH! MY AIR... I CAN'T HOLD ON NOW... TWO MINUTES AND I'M A GONNER... UNLESS...



THE FOOL... WHAT CAN HE DO BUT DROWN?

ONE MINUTE TO GO... MY LUNGS ARE STRAINING NOW...



ON THE SURFACE THE AIR BUBBLE TELLS A STORY...

OOOOH! THAT BUBBLE... SOMEONE IS IN TROUBLE...

YES, BUT WHO?

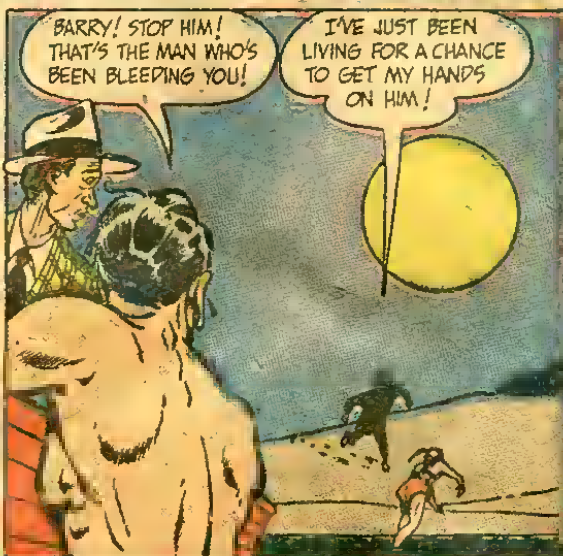
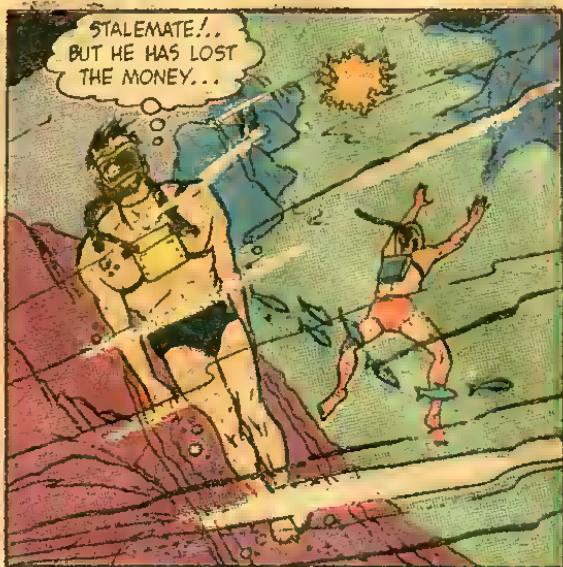
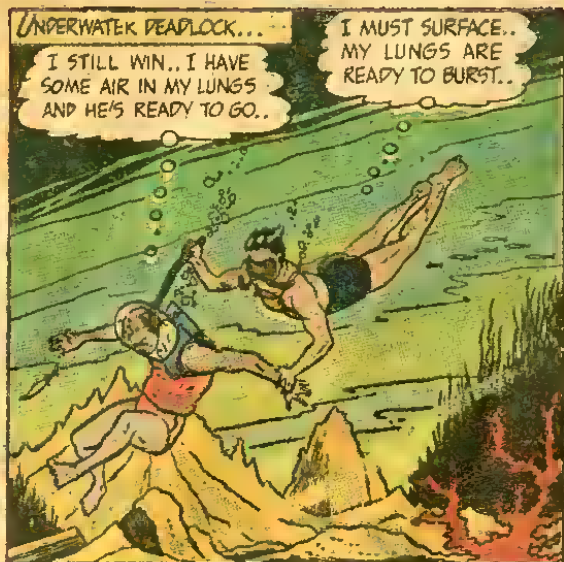


SUDDENLY ANOTHER HUGE AIR BUBBLE SURFACES!

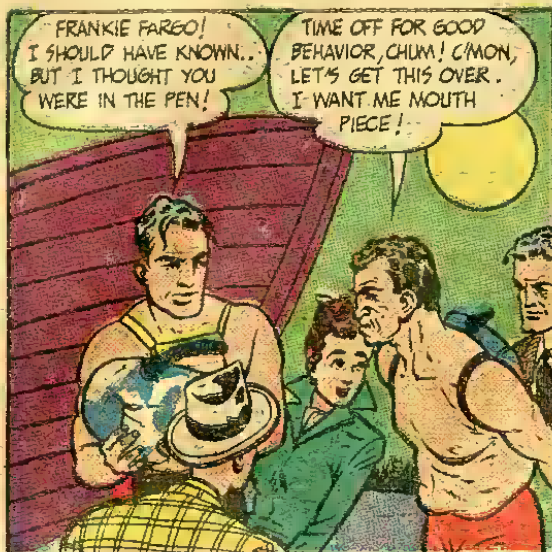
TWO BUBBLES... WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?

MEANS TWO PEOPLE ARE IN TROUBLE DOWN THERE! THAT'S WHAT!



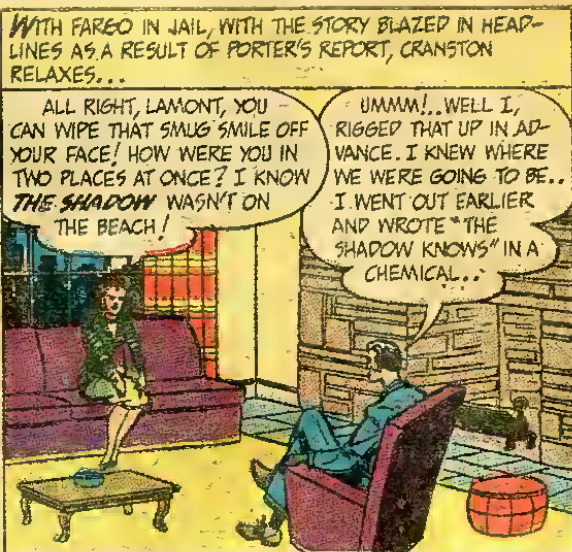






FRANKIE FARGO!  
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN...  
BUT I THOUGHT YOU  
WERE IN THE PEN!

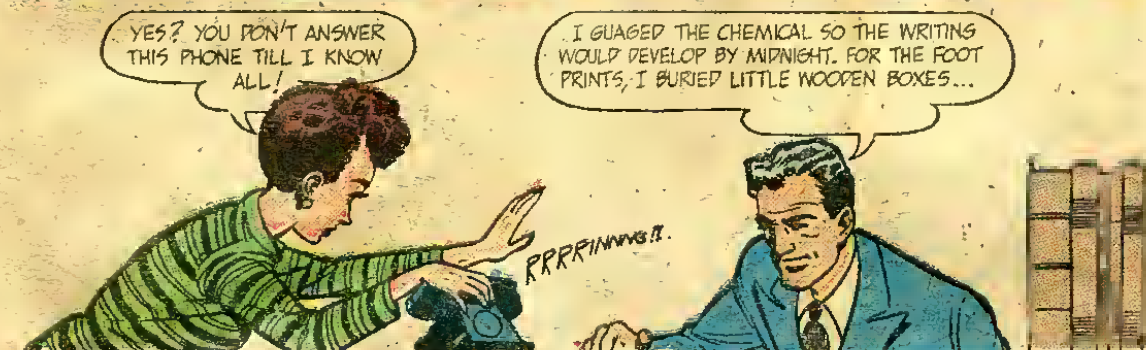
TIME OFF FOR GOOD  
BEHAVIOR, CHUM! C'MON,  
LET'S GET THIS OVER.  
I WANT ME MOUTH  
PIECE!



WITH FARGO IN JAIL, WITH THE STORY BLAZED IN HEAD-  
LINES AS A RESULT OF PORTER'S REPORT, CRANSTON  
RELAXES...

ALL RIGHT, LAMONT, YOU  
CAN WIPE THAT SMUG SMILE OFF  
YOUR FACE! HOW WERE YOU IN  
TWO PLACES AT ONCE? I KNOW  
**THE SHADOW** WASN'T ON  
THE BEACH!

UMMM...WELL I,  
RIGGED THAT UP IN AD-  
VANCE. I KNEW WHERE  
WE WERE GOING TO BE...  
I WENT OUT EARLIER  
AND WROTE "THE  
SHADOW KNOWS" IN A  
CHEMICAL...



YES? YOU DON'T ANSWER  
THIS PHONE TILL I KNOW  
ALL!

I GUAGED THE CHEMICAL SO THE WRITING  
WOULD DEVELOP BY MIDNIGHT. FOR THE FOOT  
PRINTS, I BURIED LITTLE WOODEN BOXES...

RRRRINNNNG!!



I BURIED A ROW OF THESE  
UNDER THE SAND. THERE WAS A  
CHEMICAL IN THEM THAT DISSOLVED  
PROPS AWAY SLOWLY. THE PROPS  
DROPPED, THE LIDS FELL IN, THE  
SAND POURED INTO THE BOXES  
AND IT LOOKED  
LIKE FOOTPRINTS!  
NOW... THE  
PHONE!

OKAY!  
HERE!



WHAT A CHARACTER!  
TWO SIMPLE DEVICES AND  
HE MAKES US THINK AN  
INVISIBLE MAN  
IS AROUND!

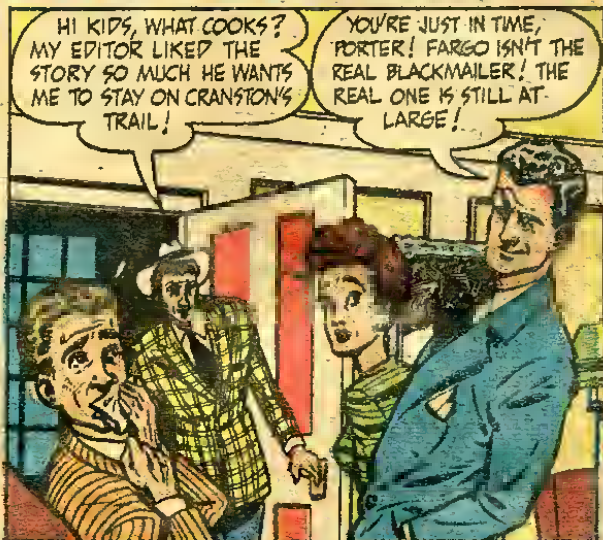
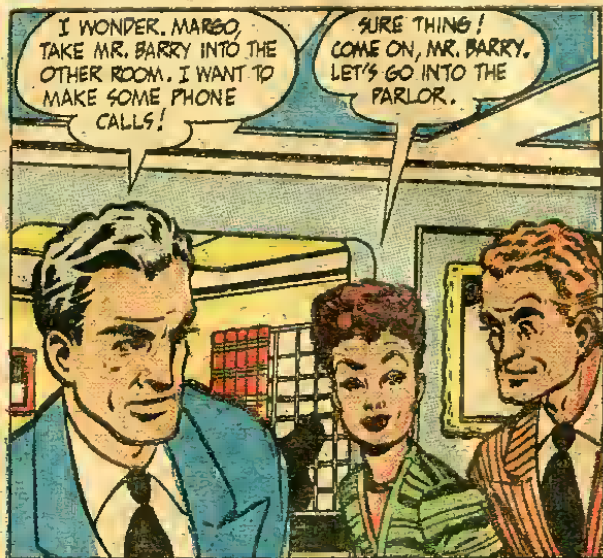
WHAT?  
ANOTHER  
BLACKMAIL  
DEMAND?



WHAT IS  
IT, LAMONT?

YOU REMEMBER  
THE MAN WHO PAID  
THE BLACKMAILER BY  
KITE? HE'S JUST RE-  
CEIVED ANOTHER  
DEMAND FOR MONEY!

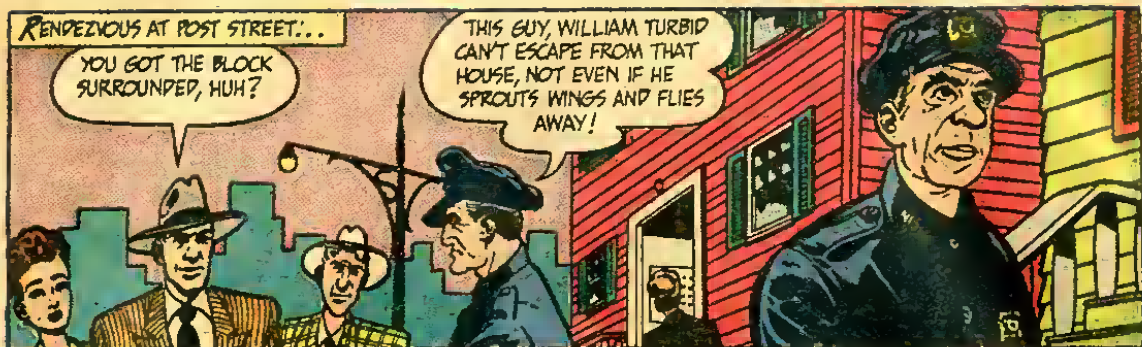








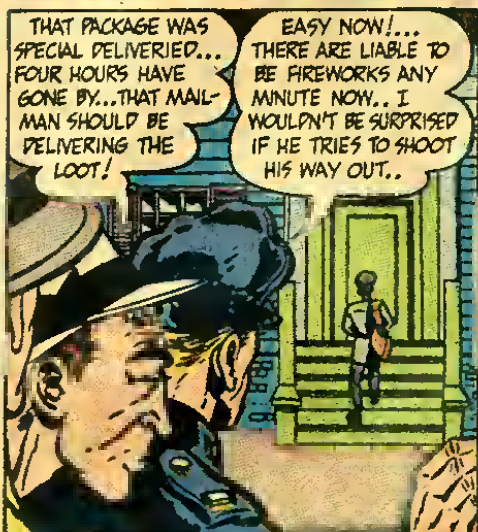




RENDEZVOUS AT POST STREET...

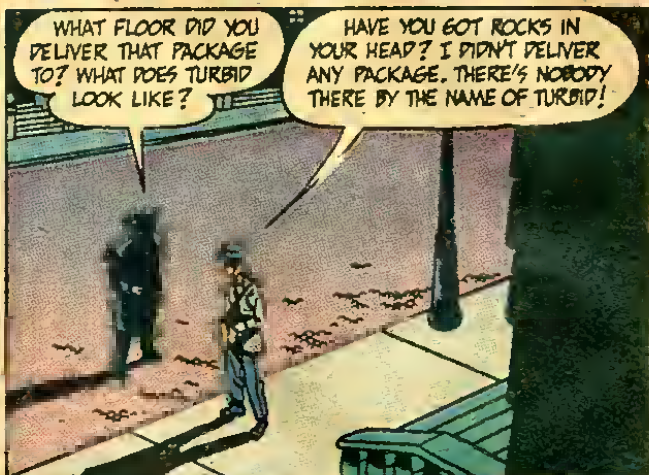
YOU GOT THE BLOCK SURROUNDED, HUH?

THIS GUY, WILLIAM TURBID CAN'T ESCAPE FROM THAT HOUSE, NOT EVEN IF HE SPROUTS WINGS AND FLIES AWAY!



THAT PACKAGE WAS SPECIAL DELIVERED... FOUR HOURS HAVE GONE BY... THAT MAILMAN SHOULD BE DELIVERING THE LOOT!

EASY NOW!... THERE ARE LIABE TO BE FIREWORKS ANY MINUTE NOW... I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF HE TRIES TO SHOOT HIS WAY OUT..



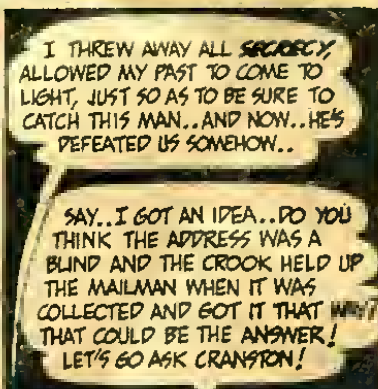
WHAT FLOOR DID YOU DELIVER THAT PACKAGE TO? WHAT DOES TURBID LOOK LIKE?

HAVE YOU GOT ROCKS IN YOUR HEAD? I DIDN'T DELIVER ANY PACKAGE. THERE'S NOBODY THERE BY THE NAME OF TURBID!



NO ONE NAME TURBID... BUT.. WHAT ABOUT THE PACKAGE?

WE'RE GOING TO GO THROUGH THAT HOUSE WITH A FINE TOOTH COMB!



I THREW AWAY ALL ~~SECURITY~~, ALLOWED MY PAST TO COME TO LIGHT, JUST SO AS TO BE SURE TO CATCH THIS MAN... AND NOW... HE'S DEFEATED US SOMEHOW..

SAY... I GOT AN IDEA... DO YOU THINK THE ADDRESS WAS A BLIND AND THE CROOK HELD UP THE MAILMAN WHEN IT WAS COLLECTED AND GOT IT THAT WAY? THAT COULD BE THE ANSWER! LET'S GO ASK CRANSTON!



LATER... NAW... WE CHECKED EVERYBODY... THEY'RE ALL RESPECTABLE PEOPLE. NO PACKAGE HAS COME THROUGH... IT'S A WILD GOOSE CHASE!

YOU'RE GOING TO KEEP A CHECK IN CASE THE PACKAGE WAS DELAYED, AREN'T YOU?





THEY ARE AMAZED TO SEE CRANSTON SITTING AND LOOKING AT THE PACKAGE!...

NO WONDER WE WERE ON A WILD GOOSE CHASE! CRANSTON HAS THE PACKAGE!

BUT THERE'S NO ADDRESS ON IT!



IF YOU WILL ALL BE SEATED, THE PACKAGE WILL TELL US IN A MOMENT THE NAME OF THE NEW **BLACKMAILER**! THE OLD NAME AND ADDRESS HAVE FADED OUT. THEY WERE IN VANISHING INK!

WHAT AN IDEA! THE BLACKMAILER HAS IT ADDRESSED IN AN INK THAT VANISHES.. THEN HIS OWN NAME APPEARS LATER.. NO WONDER HE WAS SO **WATERY**!



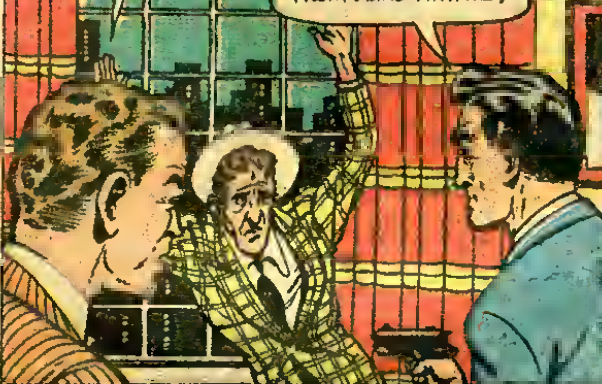
THIS IS A HOT DEVELOPEMENT, I BETTER GET TO THE OFFICE AND WRITE THIS UP!

DON'T MOVE, YOU FOOL! I KNOW THAT THE NEW VILLAIN WHO TOOK OVER WHERE FARGO LEFT OFF HAD TO BE SOMEONE WHO ONLY KNEW TWO OF FARGO'S VICTIMS!



PORTER? YOU MEAN HE WAS THE HIGHER UP, FARGO'S BOSS?

THERE WAS NO BOSS! PORTER SAW A CHANCE TO GRAB SOME MONEY FROM BARRY AND CAREY WHOM HE KNEW ABOUT FROM BEING WITH ME!



GET THE POLICE, MARGO, AND HAVE HIM TAKEN AWAY. THIS HAS BEEN A BIZARRE CASE WITH MANY MIS-LEADING ELEMENTS...BUT IT'S OVER NOW.

PORTER.. A NEWSPAPER REPORTER TURNED CROOK... UGH...



QUITE A CASE.. TWO SHADOWS.. OR AT LEAST THE SHADOW AND LAMONT CRANSTON AT THE SAME TIME.

TWO OF ME AND TWO VILLAINS! TWO AND TWO MAKES A JAIL SENTENCE!





# DOC SAVAGE IN THE FAULT FINDER



**MAKER OF EARTHQUAKES.....**  
THE MAN WHO COULD LITERALLY  
MOVE MOUNTAINS AND SWAY  
THE EARTH, THROWS DOWN  
THE GAUNTLET TO DOC SAVAGE!  
CAN EVEN THE SUPER SCIENTIFIC  
BRAIN OF DOC GRAPPLE  
WITH THE **FAULT FINDER?** CAN  
DOC STOP THE MAN WHO MAKES  
THE EARTH TREMBLE? HIS  
**ONLY CLUE** IS THE STRANGEST  
MESSAGE EVEN HE HAS EVER  
RECEIVED.....

**EARTHQUAKE! MOST FRIGHTENING  
OF ALL NATURAL PHENOMENA.....**



**CARASH!  
BOOM...BAROOM!**



AN EARTHQUAKE! THIS IS HORRIBLE... THEN.... THIS MESSAGE I RECEIVED WAS NOT FROM SOME CRANK....

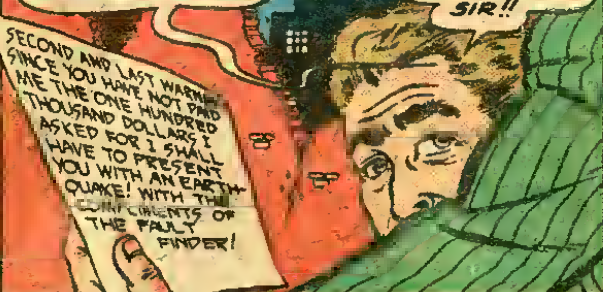
BUT IT DOESN'T SEEM POSSIBLE... THAT A MAN COULD CAUSE AN EARTHQUAKE!



DOC SAVAGE IS THE ONLY MAN WHO CAN HELP US.... SEND THIS MESSAGE AND AN ACCOUNT OF OUR 'QUAKE TO HIM!

IMMEDIATELY SIR!!

SECOND AND LAST WARNING SINCE YOU HAVE NOT PAID ME THE ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS I ASKED FOR I SHALL HAVE TO PRESENT YOU WITH AN EARTHQUAKE! WITH THE EARTHQUAKE! WITH THE EARTHQUAKE! WITH THE EARTHQUAKE!



NOT ONE, BUT TWO MESSAGES ARRIVE AT THE FANTASTICALLY ADVANCED LABORATORY THAT IS DOC SAVAGE'S....

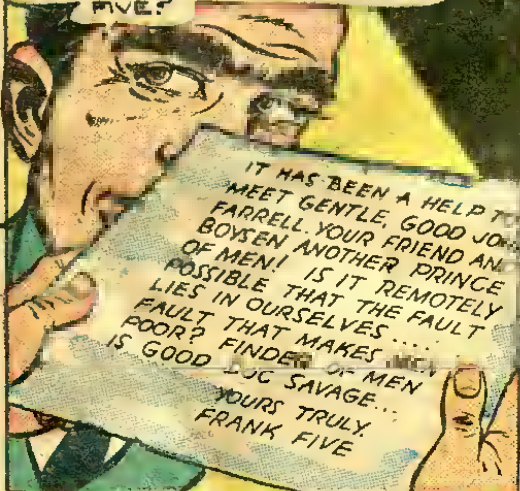
A MAN WHO CLAIMS HE CAN CAUSE EARTHQUAKES AND DEMANDS TRIBUTE TO STOP....

HERE'S ANOTHER LETTER FOR YOU, DOC!

HOW ODD.... SECOND AND LAST WARNING SINCE YOU HAVE NOT PAID ME THE ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS I ASKED FOR I SHALL HAVE TO PRESENT YOU WITH AN EARTHQUAKE! WITH THE EARTHQUAKE! WITH THE EARTHQUAKE! WITH THE EARTHQUAKE!



WHAT KIND OF GIBBERISH IS THAT, DOC? WHO'S THIS CHARACTER FIVE?



IT HAS BEEN A HELP TO MEET GENTLE, GOOD JOHN FARRELL, YOUR FRIEND AND BOYSEN, ANOTHER PRINCE OF MEN! IS IT REMOTELY POSSIBLE THAT THE FAULT LIES IN OURSELVES.... FAULT THAT MAKES POOR? FINDER OF MEN IS GOOD... DOC SAVAGE... YOURS TRULY, FRANK FIVE

I'VE NEVER HEARD OF HIM, OR JOHN FARRELL, OR BOYSEN.... I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO MAKE OF IT.... AND IS IT JUST COINCIDENCE THAT IT CAME AT THE SAME TIME AS THE OTHER MESSAGE?

AH, PROBABLY SOME CRACKPOT....

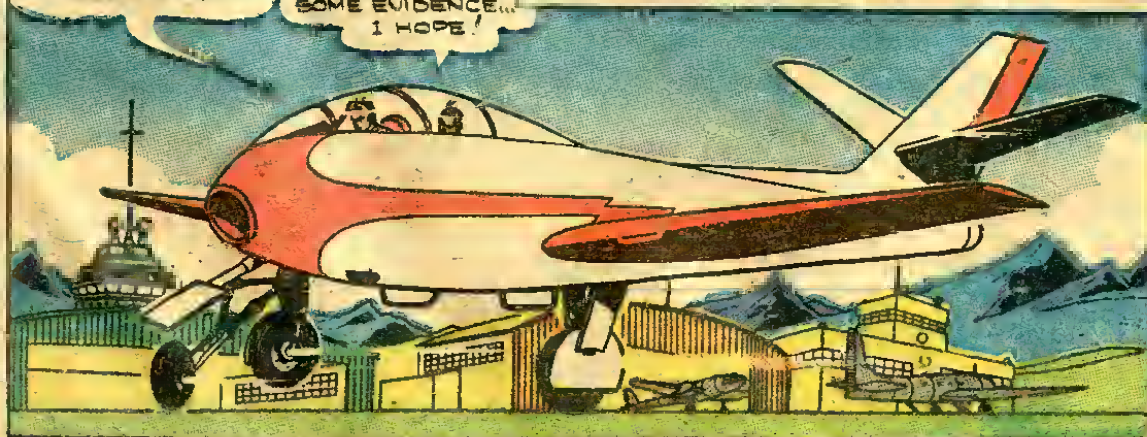
BUT LISTEN, DOC, WHAT ABOUT THIS EARTHQUAKE MAKER, THE FAULT FINDER? WE BETTER GET AFTER HIM.



TAKING OFF IN DOC'S SUPERCHARGED, SUPER-SPEED PLANE....

WE'LL BE THERE IN HALF AN HOUR!

MAYBE THE QUAKE WILL HAVE LEFT SOME EVIDENCE... I HOPE!





BUT WHILE THEY ARE EN ROUTE A HURRY CALL FOR HELP CRACKLES OVER THE RADIO.....

MONK! TWO QUAKES IN FOUR MONTHS.... AND NOW..... OH, OH! HERE COMES A CALL FOR HELP FROM ROSLYN, A TOWN NEAR THE OTHER QUAKE. THEIR DAM IS BEING SHAKEN TO PIECES!

WHAT A MESS! BUT, AT LEAST WE MAY BE ABLE TO TEST OUR NEW RADIO CONTROL FOR THIS PLANE!

WHAT LUCK! THEY'VE CALLED IN DOC SAVAGE! THAT MAKES EVERYTHING PERFECT!

THIS IS ALL THE MAYOR'S FAULT! IF HE'D A PAID OFF THE FAULT FINDER WE WOULDN'T A HAD THIS QUAKE!

ARCING DOWN OUT OF THE SKIES.

YIP!! IS THIS THE QUAKE OR THE ROUGH LAND WE'RE STOPPING ON?

COMBINATION OF BOTH.... WHEN THAT DAM GOES, THE TOWN WILL BE INUNDATED...



I DON'T SUPPOSE EVEN YOU CAN DO ANYTHING NOW, DOC SAVAGE!

NO! THIS IS EARTH-QUAKE TERRITORY AND NOTHING MAN HAS EVER INVENTED CAN STOP A QUAKE!



DOC! THE PLANE! YOU'RE NOT RADIO CONTROLLING IT ARE YOU?

HARDLY! NOT WITH THE DAM BREAKING! NO!..... SOMEONE'S STOLEN IT!



IN THE PLANE THE THIEF LAUGHS EVILY.....

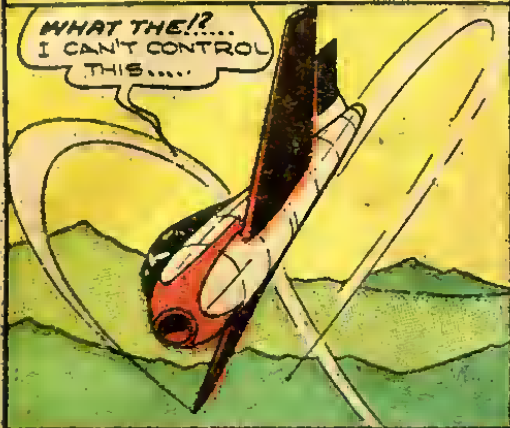
HEH, HEH..... THIS IS THE CREAM OF THE JEST.... I'LL LEAVE THE PLANE NEAR HERE WITH MY LITTLE PRESENT FOR DOC IN IT.... THAT'LL SURPRISE HIM!





BUT HIS EVIL EXULTATION IS STILLED  
WHEN THE PLANE SUDDENLY ACTS  
UP LIKE A BUCKING BRONCHO.....

WHAT THE!?!  
I CAN'T CONTROL  
THIS.....



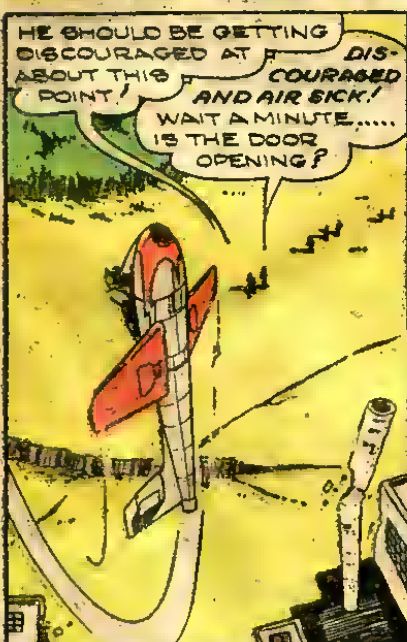
AND ON THE GROUND.....

HE DIDN'T FIGURE ON  
THE PLANE BEING  
RADIO CONTROLLED.....

HE HAS A FEW  
OTHER SURPRISES  
COMING TO HIM  
WHOMEVER HE IS!  
**WATCH!**



HE SHOULD BE GETTING  
DISCOURAGED AT THIS  
POINT! DIS-  
COURAGED  
AND AIR SICK!  
WAIT A MINUTE.....  
IS THE DOOR  
OPENING?



HE'S BAILING  
OUT!

I THINK ANYONE WOULD IF A PLANE  
SUDDENLY TOOK OVER ITS OWN CON-  
TROLS...OR SEEMED TO! HE'S TOO FAR  
AWAY FOR US TO REACH UNLESS I CAN  
BRING THE PLANE BACK  
TO US AND THEN....



HERE SHE COMES! BUT IT  
THIS IS LIKE MAY BE  
HAVING A TOO LATE....  
TRAINED PLANE! HE'S LANDED  
IN A WOODY AREA,  
WE WON'T BE  
ABLE TO FIND  
HIM.....

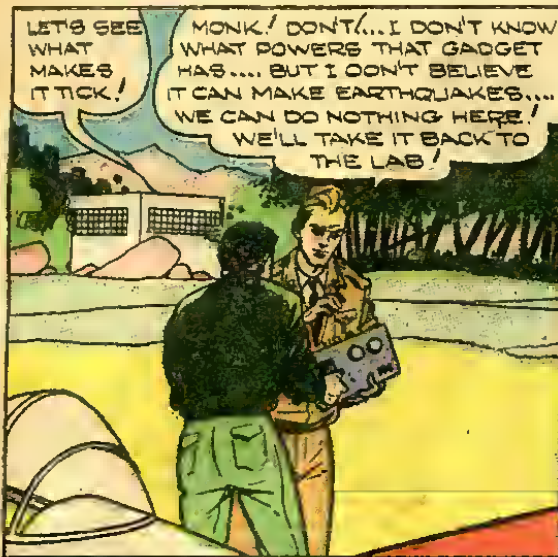


OUR ESCAPING FRIEND LEFT  
A MEMENTO!

THAT LITTLE  
GADGET MADE THIS  
EARTHQUAKE? IT  
DOESN'T SEEM  
POSSIBLE!







LET'S SEE  
WHAT  
MAKES  
IT TICK!

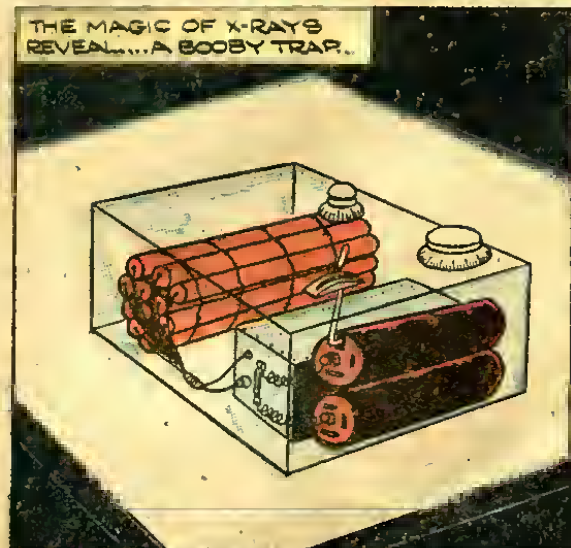
MONK! DON'T... I DON'T KNOW  
WHAT POWERS THAT GADGET  
HAS.... BUT I DON'T BELIEVE  
IT CAN MAKE EARTHQUAKES....  
WE CAN DO NOTHING HERE!  
WE'LL TAKE IT BACK TO  
THE LAB!



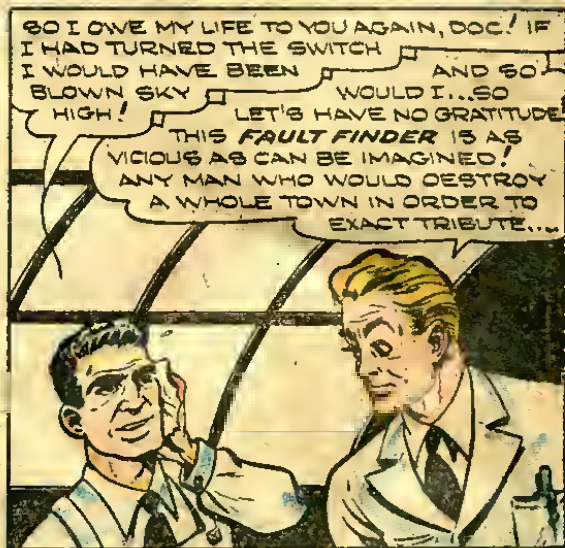
IN THE LABORATORY WITH  
THEIR ONLY CLUE.....

I THINK I'D LIKE AN  
X-RAY OF THIS  
BEFORE WE GO  
ANY FURTHER!

THAT'S EASILY  
DONE! WE'LL  
TAKE A LOOK AT  
IT'S GIZZARD  
BEFORE WE DO ANY  
THING. JEEPERB IF  
WE COULD ONLY HAVE  
GOTTEN A LOOK AT THE  
GUY WHO TRIED TO SNIDE  
THE PLANE!



THE MAGIC OF X-RAYS  
REVEAL.... A BOOBY TRAP..



SO I OWE MY LIFE TO YOU AGAIN, DOC! IF  
I HAD TURNED THE SWITCH  
I WOULD HAVE BEEN AND SO  
BLOWN SKY WOULD I... SO  
HIGH! LET'S HAVE NO GRATITUDE

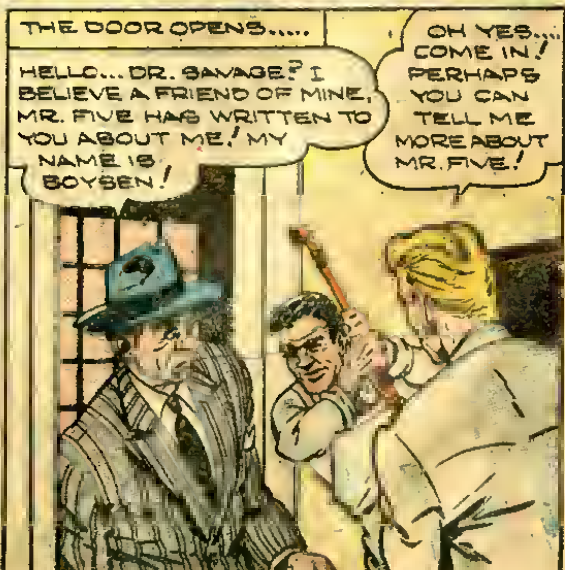
THIS FAULT FINDER IS AS  
VICIOUS AS CAN BE IMAGINED!  
ANY MAN WHO WOULD DESTROY  
A WHOLE TOWN IN ORDER TO  
EXACT TRIBUTE...



TAP...  
TAP...

COME  
ON IN!

NO... EASY DOES IT,  
MONK THIS MAY BE  
ANOTHER TRAP...

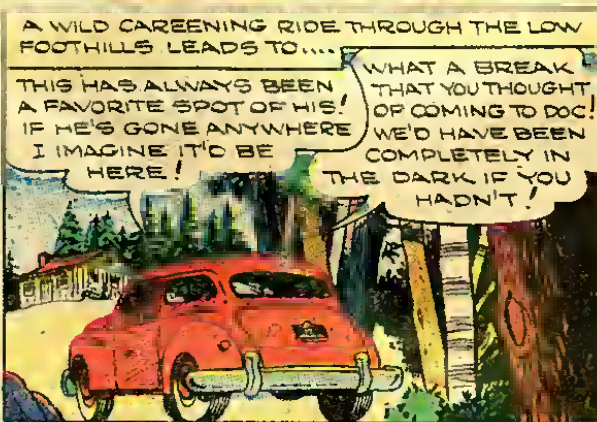
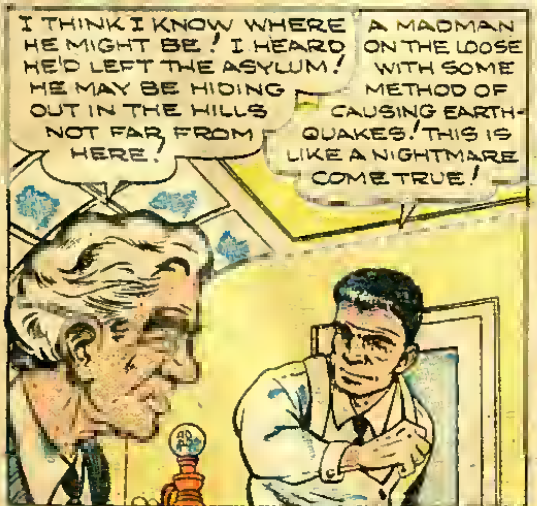
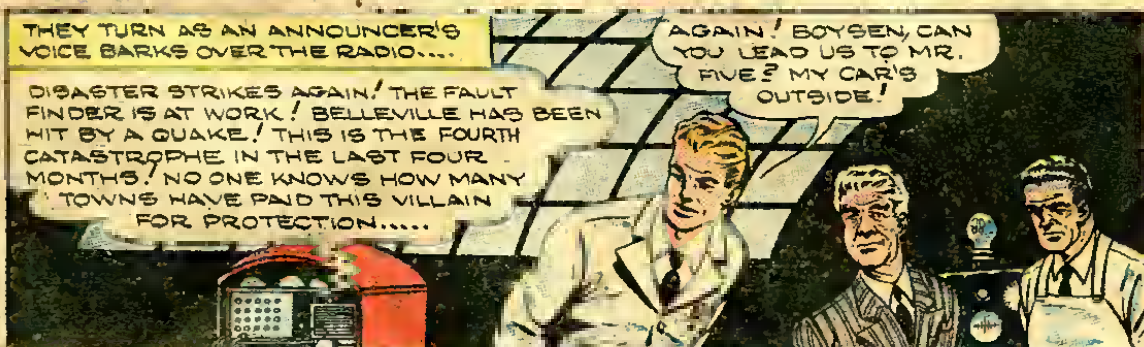
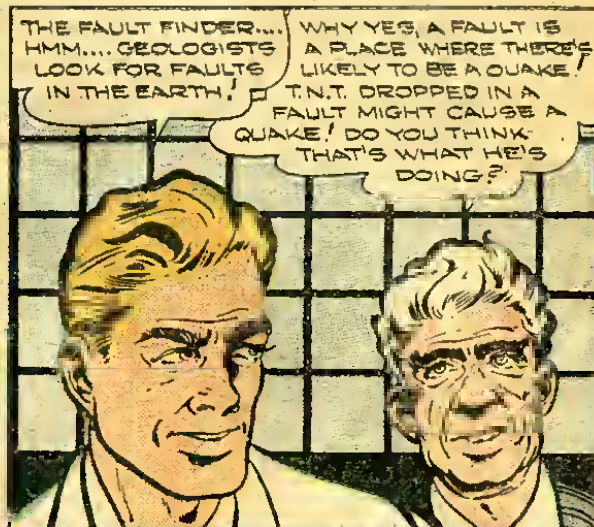


THE DOOR OPENS.....

HELLO... DR. SAVAGE? I  
BELIEVE A FRIEND OF MINE,  
MR. FIVE HAS WRITTEN TO  
YOU ABOUT ME. MY  
NAME IS  
BOYSEN!

OH YES...  
COME IN!  
PERHAPS  
YOU CAN  
TELL ME  
MORE ABOUT  
MR. FIVE!



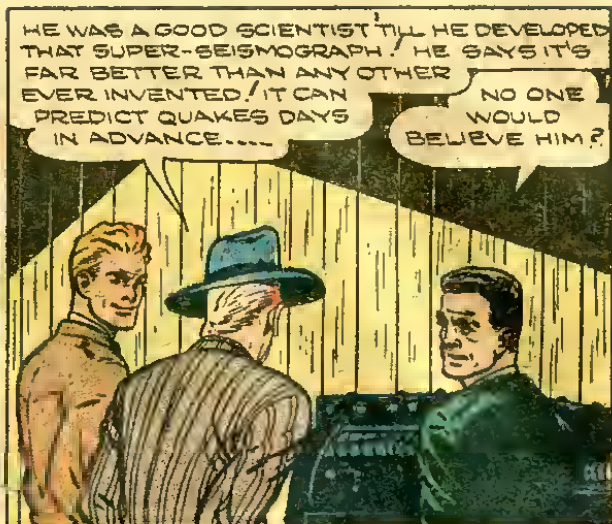






NO SIGN OF HIM.....  
PERHAPS HE'S OUT  
ARRANGING  
ANOTHER QUAKE...

GOOD! WE CAN  
AMBUSH HIM  
WHEN HE GETS  
BACK... LET'S GO  
INSIDE...

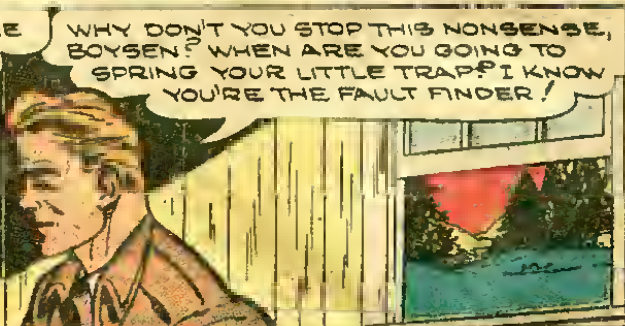


HE WAS A GOOD SCIENTIST TILL HE DEVELOPED  
THAT SUPER-SEISMOGRAPH. HE SAYS IT'S  
FAR BETTER THAN ANY OTHER  
EVER INVENTED. IT CAN  
PREDICT QUAKES DAYS  
IN ADVANCE....

NO ONE  
WOULD  
BELIEVE HIM?



YES...HE BECAME BITTER ABOUT THE  
LACK OF RECOGNITION....I SUPPOSE  
IT PREYED ON HIS  
MIND....



WHY DON'T YOU STOP THIS NONSENSE,  
BOYSEN? WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO  
SPRING YOUR LITTLE TRAP? I KNOW  
YOU'RE THE FAULT FINDER!



I WAS RIGHT TO FEAR YOU, DOC!  
THAT'S WHY I TRIED TO BLOW  
YOU UP. I DON'T KNOW  
HOW YOU KNEW, BUT IT'LL  
DO YOU NO GOOD!

HEY...  
WHAT  
GIVES  
HERE?



HERE, TIE YOUR  
PAL UP WITH THIS  
ROPE. AND MAKE  
IT TIGHT OR....!!

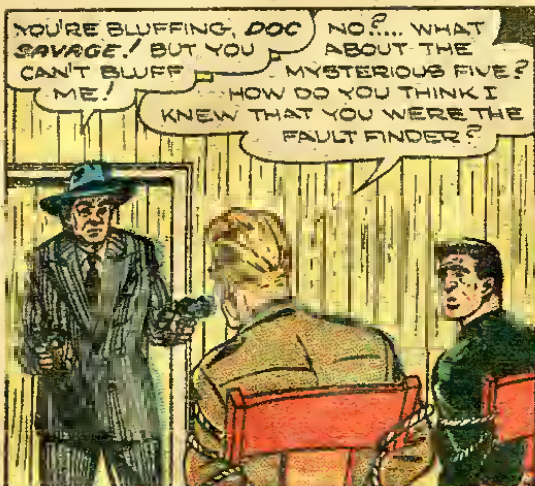
YOU WERE JUST DESCRIBING  
WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU,  
WEREN'T YOU, BOYSEN?  
YOU INVENTED THE SEIS-  
MOGRAPH.... YOU GOT  
BITTER!



SIT DOWN NOW... AND I'LL TIE YOU UP... IF YOU  
MOVE... YOU DIE! I'VE COLLECTED PLENTY  
WITH MY THREATS AND MY SEISMOGRAPH  
SHOWS A QUAKE DUE HERE IN  
TWENTY MINUTES. THAT'S WHY I  
BROUGHT YOU HERE!  
YOU FOOLS!

MONK! TAKE  
IT EASY...  
HE'S GOING  
TO RELEASE  
US!





SOUND, WITH NO KNOWN HELD IN THE OFFING....IS DOC BLUFFING?....

IF I ONLY KNEW WHAT DOC HAD UP HIS SLEEVE....I CAN'T SEE WHERE WE STAND A CHANCE....

IF YOU HAD AN ENEMY WHO REVEALED YOUR IDENTITY TO ME, DON'T YOU THINK THAT SAME PERSON WILL REVEAL WHO YOU ARE TO THE POLICE? AND THE INFORMATION THAT YOU MURDERED US.... SIXTEEN MINUTES LEFT, BOYSEN....

TORN BY INDECISION, BOYSEN PACES BACK AND FORTH....

SIX MORE MINUTES GONE, ONLY TEN LEFT BEFORE THE QUAKE! DO YOU WANT TO BE DESTROYED BY WHAT YOU CLAIM YOU CAUSE?

MY SON!...IT MUST HAVE BEEN MY SON.... NO ONE ELSE KNEW... BUT HE WOULDN'T DO THIS TO ME....

FOR MONK, THE NEXT FOUR MINUTES ARE THE LONGEST HE HAS EVER SPENT... BOYSEN SEEMS IN TWO MINDS AS TO WHETHER TO LEAVE THEM OR NOT....

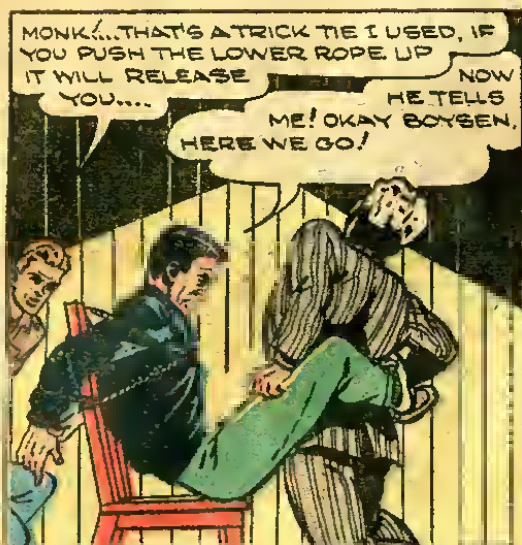
I READ HIS MESSAGE BEFORE HE SENT IT! IT COULDN'T HAVE TOLD YOU ANYTHING....IF I ONLY KNEW WHY HE CALLED HIMSELF FIVE....IF I KNEW HOW YOU READ HIS MESSAGE... WHAT CODE IT

SIX MINUTES LEFT, BOYSEN WHERE IS YOUR PERFECT CRIME NOW? MONK GRAB HIM WITH YOUR LEGS!

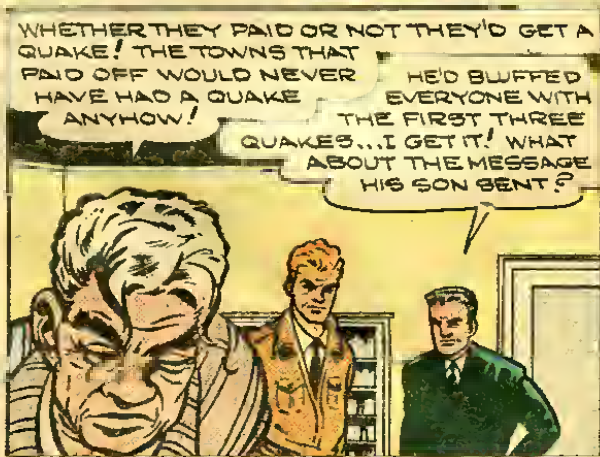
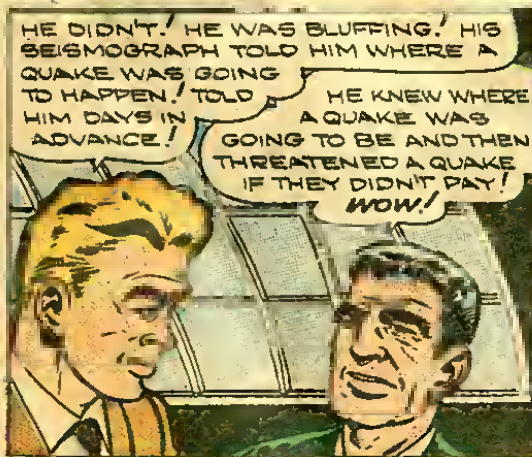
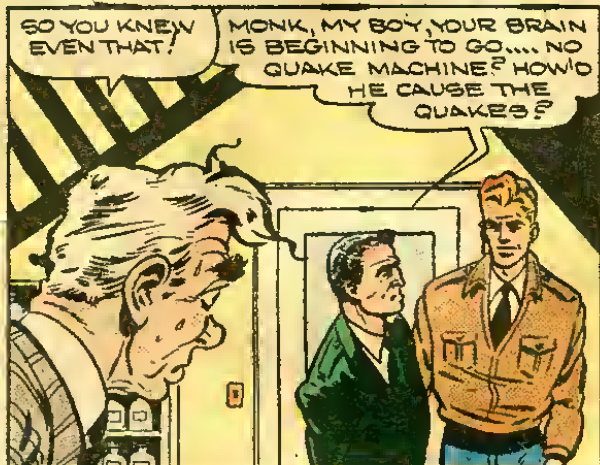
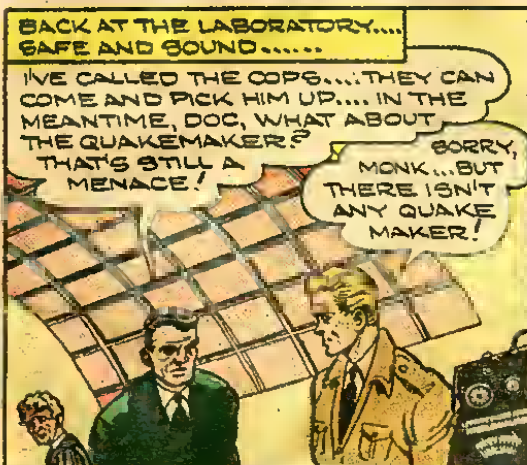
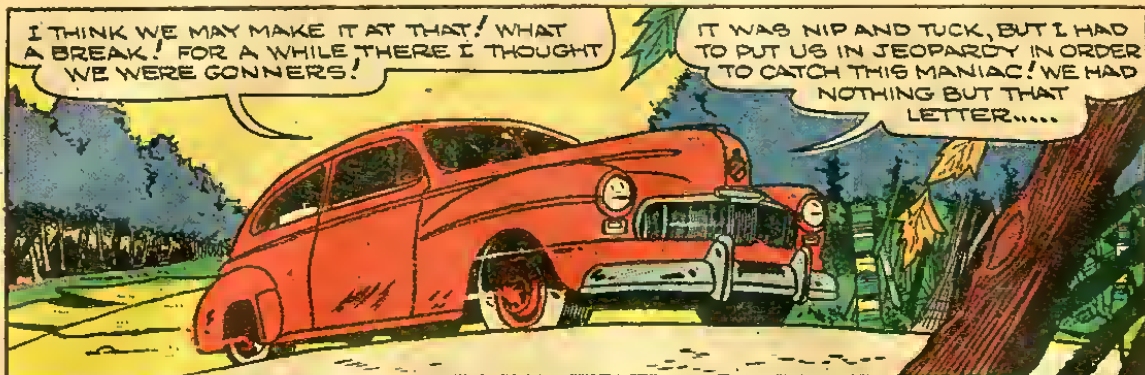
HE MUST RELEASE US IN LESS THAN FOUR MINUTES!













# NICK CARTER FACES OF CRIME



*Powell*



A CRIME WAVE HITS THE CITY!! DARING ROBBERIES BY TWO DIFFERENT PEOPLE USING ENTIRELY DIFFERENT METHODS AND NOT A SINGLE CLUE TO LINK THEM... **NICK CARTER** TOOK THE TRAIL BY ACCIDENT RIGHT AT THE START....

IT WAS MORNING AT CITY BANK WHEN AN OLD WOMAN APPROACHED THE DESK OF CYRUS KLERN, EXECUTIVE VICE-PRESIDENT....

MR. KLERN?... MAY I SPEAK WITH YOU A MOMENT ABOUT A LITTLE **FINANCIAL** PROBLEM?... ONLY TOO HAPPY TO HELP YOU!!



YOU'RE VERY KIND... **WHOOP!!** I DROPPED MY CANE! TSK...TSK...

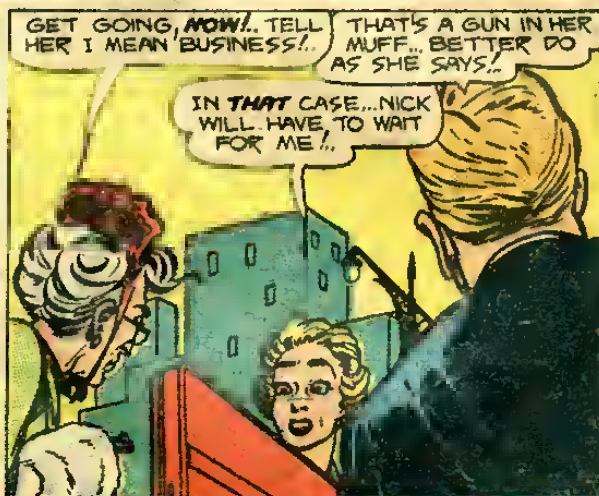
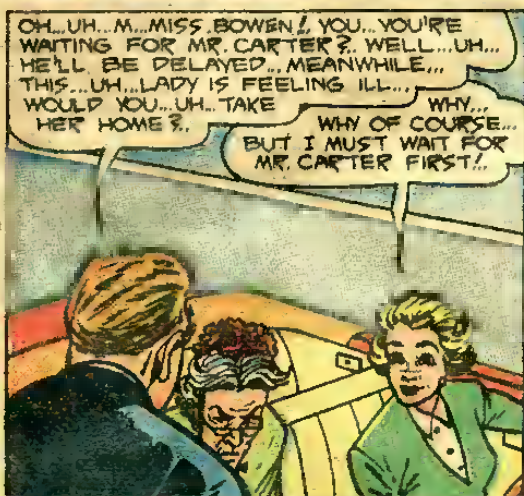
OH! LET ME!.. I'LL GET IT FOR YOU!!



OKAY, SIR GALAHAD!! TAKE A **GOOD LOOK** AT THIS AND **DON'T** MAKE A MOVE TOWARD THOSE ALARM SIGNALS UNDER YOUR DESK!! THIS IS A **STICK UP!!**

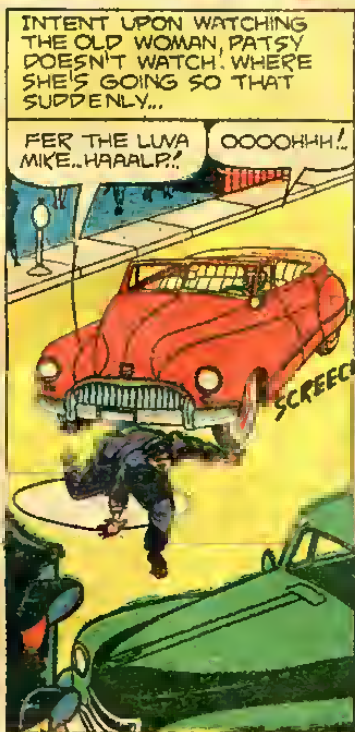
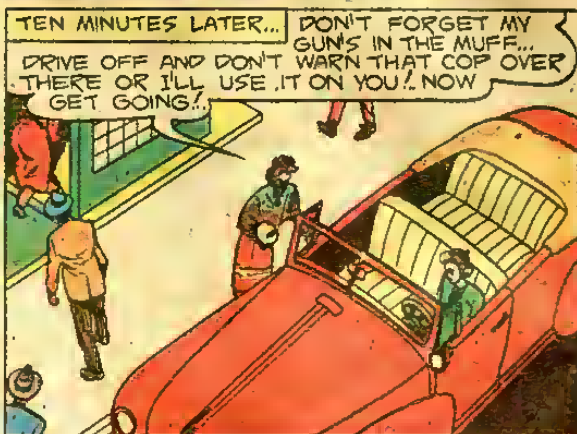
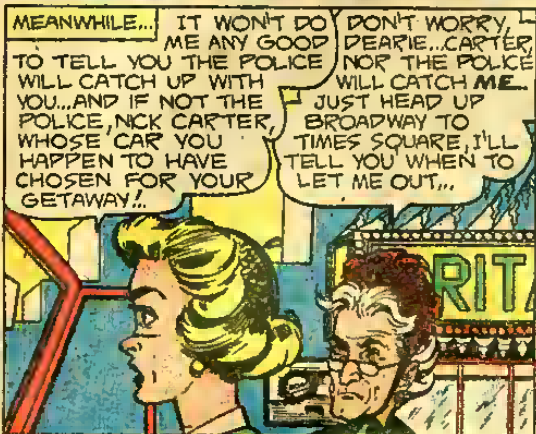
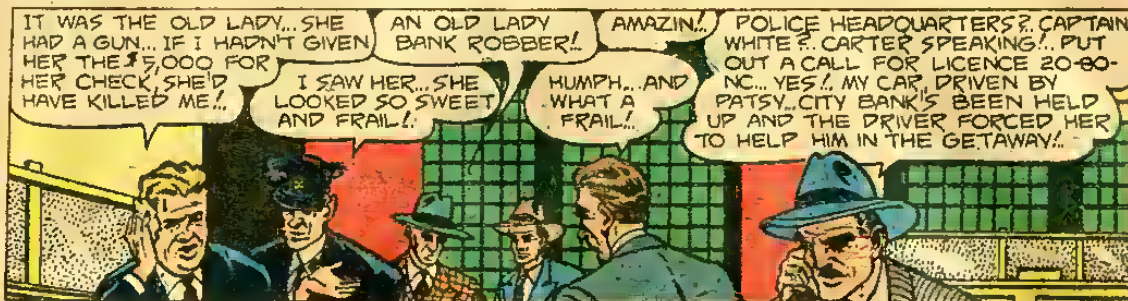






TUNE IN  
EACH WEEK TO **NICK CARTER**  
OVER MUTUAL NETWORK





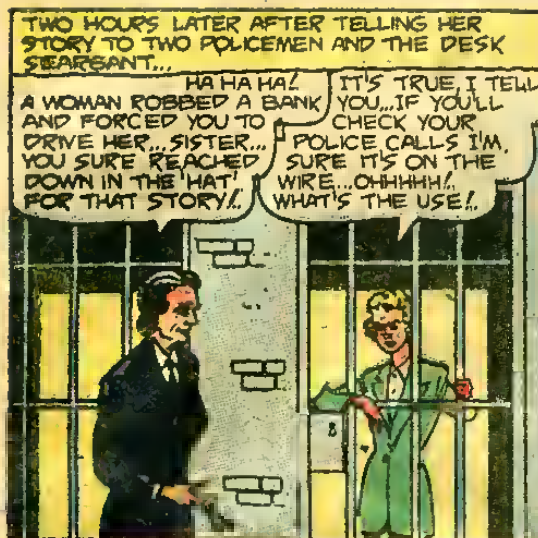
SUNDAY EVENING  
6:30 P.M. EST.

sponsored by

OLD DUTCH  
CLEANSER



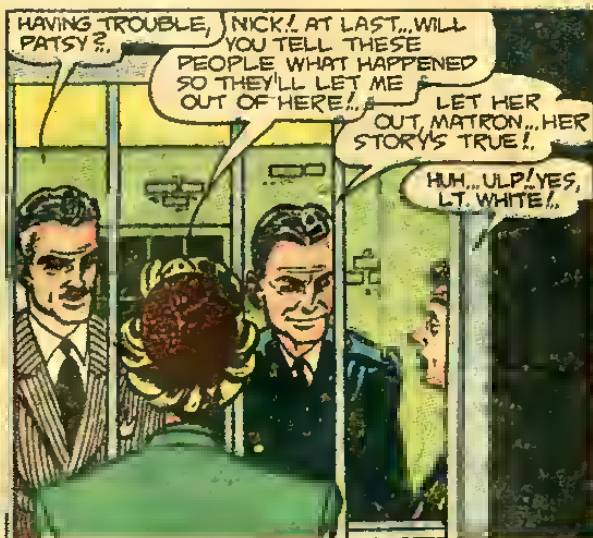




TWO HOURS LATER AFTER TELLING HER STORY TO TWO POLICEMEN AND THE DESK SEARSANT...

HA HA HA!  
A WOMAN ROBBED A BANK  
AND FORCED YOU TO  
DRIVE HER... SISTER...  
YOU SURE REACHED  
DOWN IN THE HAT  
FOR THAT STORY!!

IT'S TRUE I TELL  
YOU...IF YOU'LL  
CHECK YOUR  
POLICE CALLS I'M  
SURE IT'S ON THE  
WIRE...OH-HHH!!  
WHAT'S THE USE!!



HAVING TROUBLE, NICK! AT LAST... WILL  
YOU TELL THESE  
PEOPLE WHAT HAPPENED  
SO THEY'LL LET ME  
OUT OF HERE!!

LET HER  
OUT, MATRON... HER  
STORY'S TRUE!!

HUH... ULP! YES,  
LT. WHITE!!

SO LONG! IF ANYTHING TURNS UP IN  
THE WAY OF INFO ON OUR LADY BANK  
ROBBER, I'LL LET YOU KNOW, NICK...

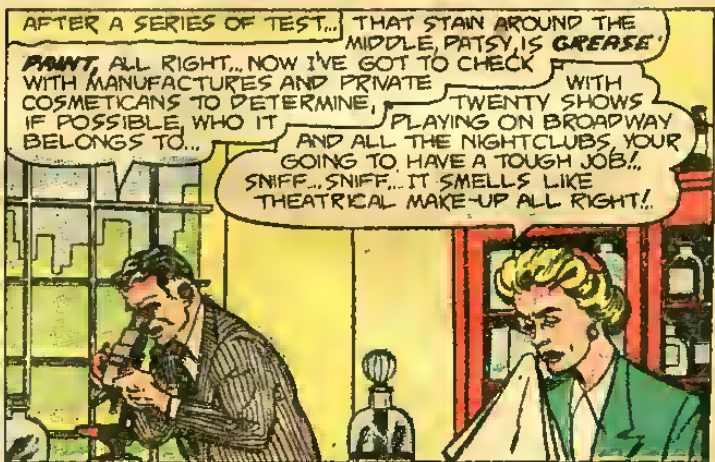
THANKS LIEUTENANT! I'M GOING  
TO FOLLOW THIS CASE UP  
ANYWAY... IT INTERESTS ME!!



PATSY FEELS SOMETHING  
SMOOTH IN THE CREVICE BE-  
TWEEN THE SEATS AND PULLS  
IT OUT TO REVEAL...

A SCARF!  
THE OLD  
LADYS!!

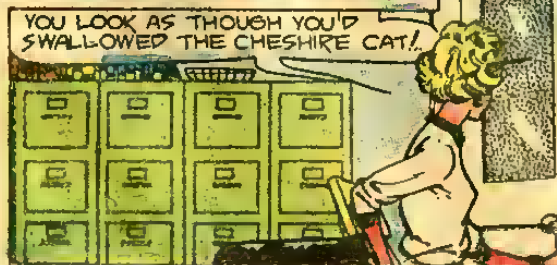
WELL, WELL,  
OUR FIRST CLUE!  
I'LL TAKE IT TO THE  
LAB AND SEE IF A  
FEW TESTS GIVE US  
A LEAD...



AFTER A SERIES OF TEST... THAT STAIN AROUND THE  
MIDDLE, PATSY IS 'GREASE'

PAINT, ALL RIGHT... NOW I'VE GOT TO CHECK  
WITH MANUFACTURES AND PRIVATE  
COSMETICANS TO DETERMINE  
IF POSSIBLE WHO IT  
BELONGS TO...

WITH  
TWENTY SHOWS  
PLAYING ON BROADWAY  
AND ALL THE NIGHTCLUBS, YOUR  
GOING TO HAVE A TOUGH JOB!!  
SNIFF... SNIFF... IT SMELLS LIKE  
THEATRICAL MAKE-UP ALL RIGHT!!



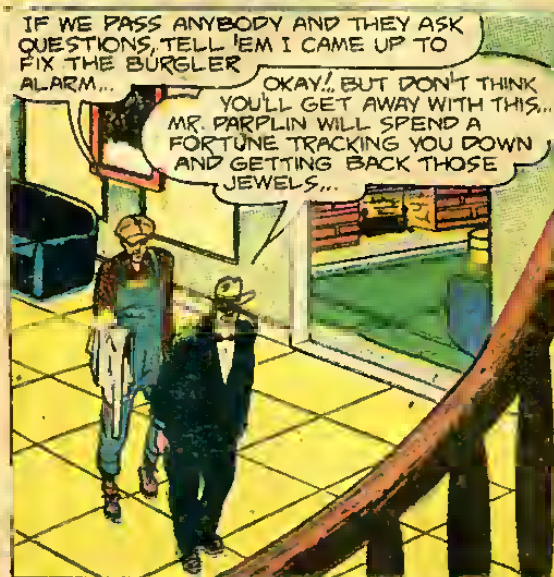
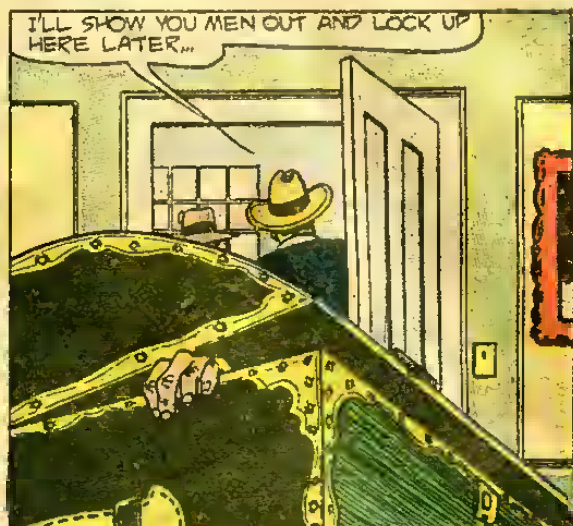
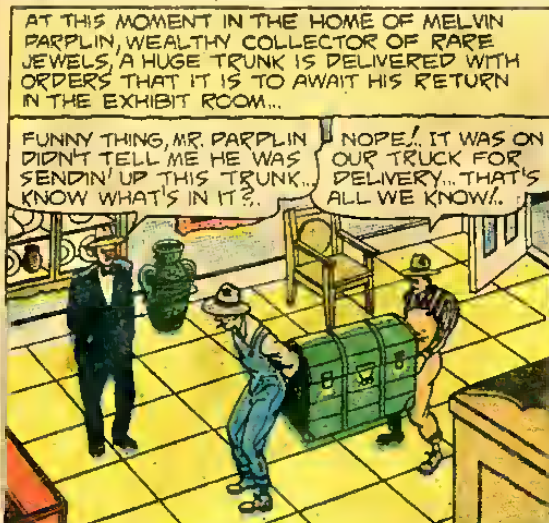
YOU LOOK AS THOUGH YOU'D  
SWALLOWED THE CHESHIRE CAT!



TWO DAYS OF TIRELESS SEARCHING AND QUESTIONING  
AND FINALLY...

THE NEXT THING TO IT, PATSY!!  
I'VE FOUND OUT WHO THAT  
SPECIAL GREASE PAINT WAS MADE  
FOR!! GET YOUR HAT... WE'RE  
GOING TO PAY HIM A VISIT!!







AND SOMETIME AFTER THE ROBBER LEAVES THE MANSION, IN ANOTHER PART OF THE TOWN, NICK AND PATSY FOLLOW UP NICKS LEAD...

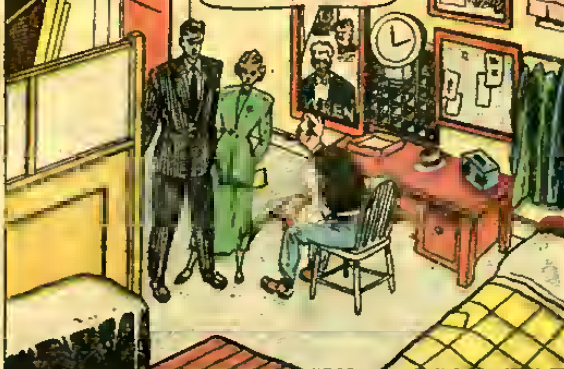
MY, MY... DON'T TELL ME THE GREAT RICHARD WREN IS YOUR SUSPECT NICK!!

THE GREASE PAINT ON SCARF IS MADE UP SPECIALLY FOR HIM... HIS COSMETIC CHEMIST PUTS IN AN ODD SORT OF INGREDIENT BECAUSE WREN HAS A VERY SENSITIVE SKIN...



I WANT TO SEE MR. WREN... NICK CARTER'S MY NAME...

SORRY, MR. CARTER... HE AIN'T IN YET... AIN'T BEEN FEELIN' GOOD 'LATELY AN' DON'T LIKE TUH SEE PEOPLE... BAD HEAD-ACHES... DON'T LIKE SEEN' PEOPLE... ADVISE YOU COME BACK SOME OTHER TIME...



I'LL WAIT... IMPORTANT THAT I SEE HIM... QUICK! LISTEN TO THAT ANNOUNCEMENT...

WE INTERRUPT THIS PROGRAM TO TELL OF THE DARING ROBBERY OF THE PRICELESS PARPLIN JEWELS... A MAN WEARING OVERALLS HAD HIMSELF DELIVERED INSIDE A TRUNK TO THE RESIDENCE, THEN EMERGED AND CLEANED OUT THE JEWELS... ETC... ETC...



"THE MAN OF MANY FACES" EH? DO YOU THINK IT'S POSSIBLE PATSY THAT AN ACTOR COULD PLAY A ROLE SO OFTEN THAT FINALLY HE BECOMES THE CHARACTER IN THE PLAY?...

THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED TO RONALD COLEMAN IN "DOUBLE LIFE" I GUESS IT'S POSSIBLE...



...AND SPEAKING OF THE BIG HAM... HERE HE COMES NOW!!

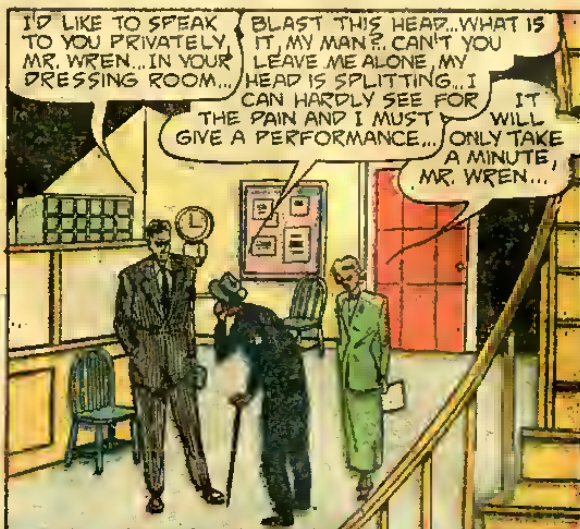


EXCUSE ME, MR. WREN, I'M NICK CARTER THE DETECTIVE. I'D LIKE A WORD WITH...

YOU PAY ME A COMPLIMENT, SIR... MISTAKING ME FOR THE MAESTRO... BUT I... ALAS... I'M BUT HIS VALET... HAPPY TO SERVE IN THE SHADOW OF HIS GENIUS... THE MAESTRO WILL BE HERE SHORTLY... EXCUSE ME... I MUST PREPARE HIS CLOTHES...



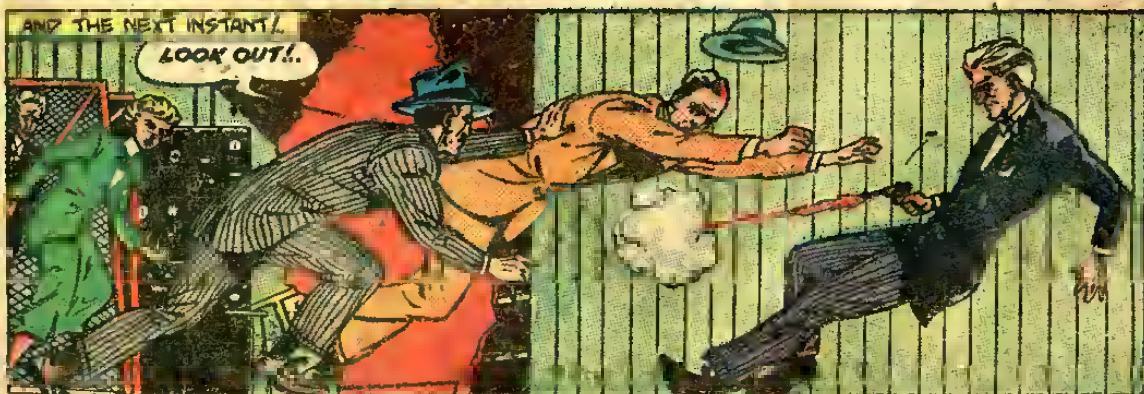














GIVE WAY! I'LL GET THROUGH BY SHOOTING IF I HAVE TO!



HE WON'T GET FAR! LT. WHITE... ARE MY ARM... BADLY?... FLESH WOUND... WATCH OUT, NICK!



THE NEXT INSTANT THE AUDIENCE FINDS THE SHOW NOT TO BE OVER AFTER ALL...

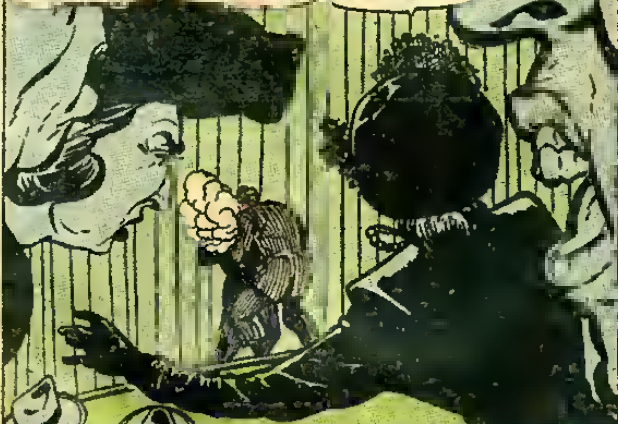
HALT ALL YE WHO WOULD SEE THE MOST DRAMATIC MOMENT EVER PRESENTED UPON A STAGE! BEHOLD IN ME WHOSE LIFE WAS A FAILURE... BUT WHOSE DEATH WILL REST IN YOUR MEMORIES FOR- EVER!



BEHIND?.. WHERE?.. WHAT?..



HE'S KILLED HIMSELF! HOW HORRIBLE! I...I'M GOING TO FAINT!..



NICK!.. I'M ALL RIGHT... HE TRIED TO COMMIT SUICIDE... FAILURE JUST GOT FAILURE! THE GUN IN ALL MY TIME... LIFE... I COULDN'T EVEN SUCCEED IN DEATH...



POOR MAN! BUT CLEVER... HE DOPED YOUR FOOD AND KEPT YOU IN A SEMI-STUPOR MOST OF THE TIME WHILE HE PULLED THESE ROBBERIES, KNOWING EVENTUALLY IT WOULD LEAD TO YOU, BECAUSE THE DISGUISES HE USED WERE FROM THIS PART OF THE COUNTRY...



NATURALLY, WITH MY HEADACHES AND BEING IN A SEMI-STUPOR, AND HIS SUGGESTION I COMMITTED THE CRIMES ALMOST HAD ME BELIEVING HIM FIRST WHEN I NOTICED HIS RESEMBLENCE TO YOU AND SECOND WHEN WE FOUND A BOTTLE OF DOPE IN A DRAWER OF THE DESK IN HIS ROOM...





# CHICK CARTER

## OF THE INNER CIRCLE

### "THE CASE OF THE BLACK SATIN KID"

ENVY IS A CRUEL EMOTION. AS IT GROWS, IT BLINDS TO A POINT WHERE RIGHT AND WRONG HAVE NO MEANING. HERE IS A STORY OF ENVY THAT HAS A STRANGE AND EXCITING TWIST!

Dick  
Rock  
Well

THIS STORY BEGAN LONG AGO AND MIGHT HAVE ENDED RIGHT HERE IF ONE OF THE POLICEMEN HADN'T ACTED QUICKLY...

DON'T SHOOT!... IF HE DROPS - HE'S LIKELY TO KILL SOMEBODY ON THE STREET BELOW!

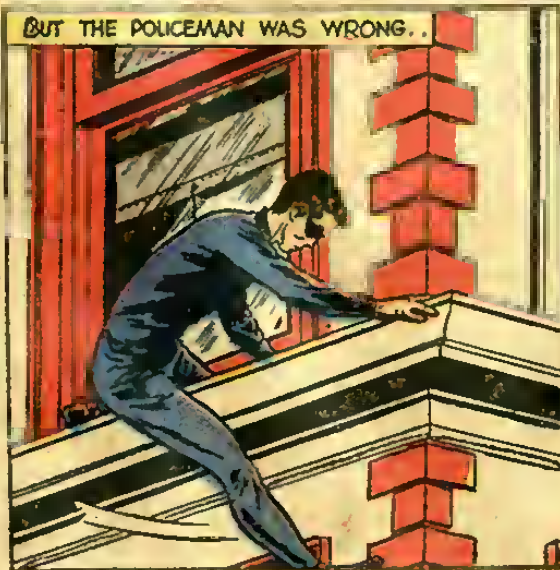
COME ON - WE'LL GRAB HIM ON THE FLOOR BELOW, HE'S TRAPPED THIS TIME!

OH!!... TED!... LOOK... IT'S... IT'S THE... BLACK SATIN KID!

WHAT?... WHERE?... YEAH!!...











NOT A BAD HAUL!..  
HERE!

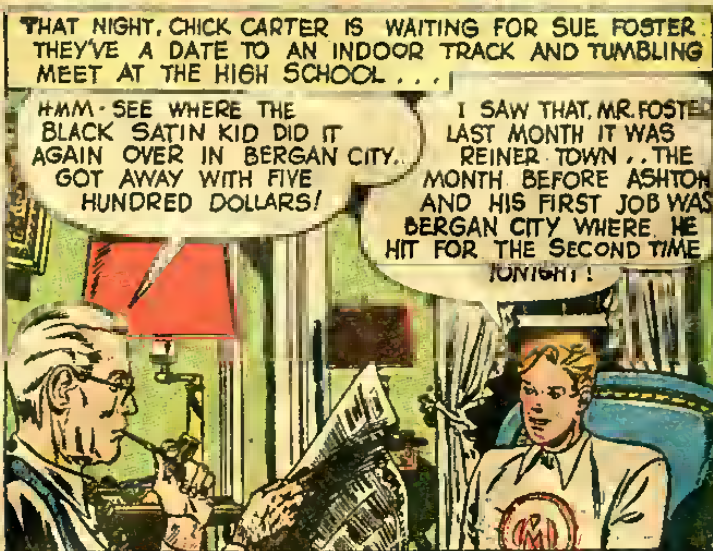


A QUICK TRANSFORMATION...



AND A FEW MINUTES LATER...

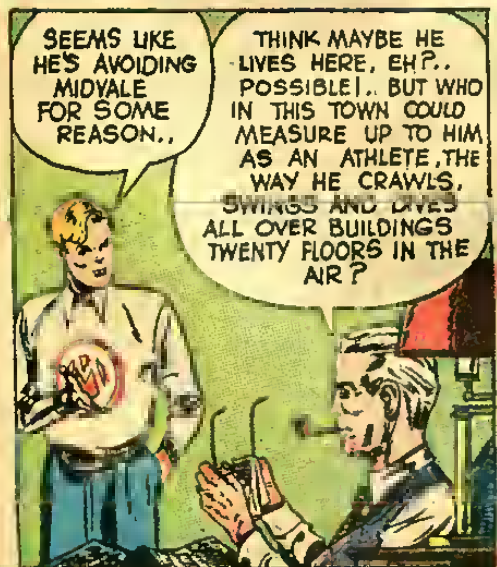
DAG NAB IT!... CANT UNDER-  
STAND HOW HE GOT AWAY! THAT  
BLACK SATIN KID'S NOT ONLY  
THE MOST ATHLETIC CROOK I'VE  
EVER SEEN.. HE'S A  
MAGICIAN TOO!



THAT NIGHT, CHICK CARTER IS WAITING FOR SUE FOSTER  
THEY'VE A DATE TO AN INDOOR TRACK AND TUMBLING  
MEET AT THE HIGH SCHOOL...

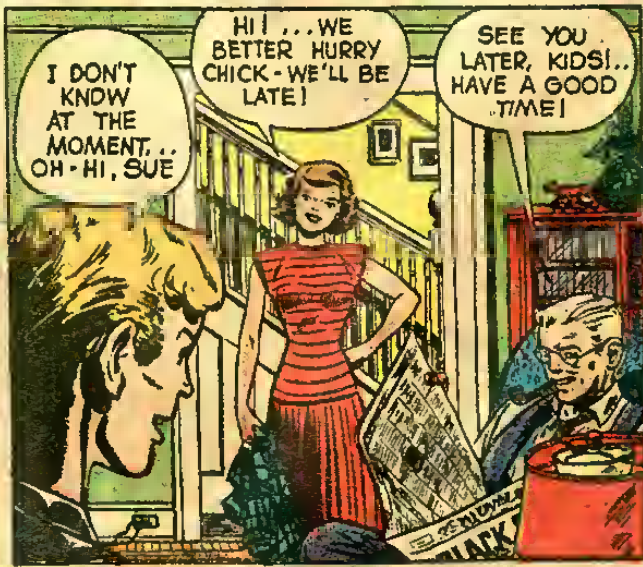
HMM- SEE WHERE THE  
BLACK SATIN KID DID IT  
AGAIN OVER IN BERGAN CITY..  
GOT AWAY WITH FIVE  
HUNDRED DOLLARS!

I SAW THAT, MR. FOSTER  
LAST MONTH IT WAS  
REINER TOWN.. THE  
MONTH BEFORE ASHTON  
AND HIS FIRST JOB WAS  
BERGAN CITY WHERE HE  
HIT FOR THE SECOND TIME  
TONIGHT!



SEEMS LIKE  
HE'S AVOIDING  
MIDVALE  
FOR SOME  
REASON..

THINK MAYBE HE  
LIVES HERE, EHP..  
POSSIBLE!.. BUT WHO  
IN THIS TOWN COULD  
MEASURE UP TO HIM  
AS AN ATHLETE, THE  
WAY HE CRAWLS,  
SWINGS AND DIVES  
ALL OVER BUILDINGS  
TWENTY FLOORS IN THE  
AIR?

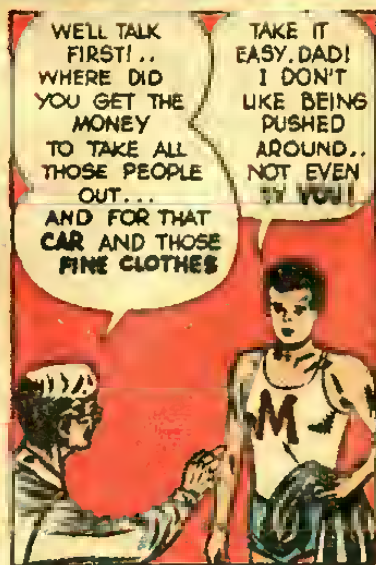
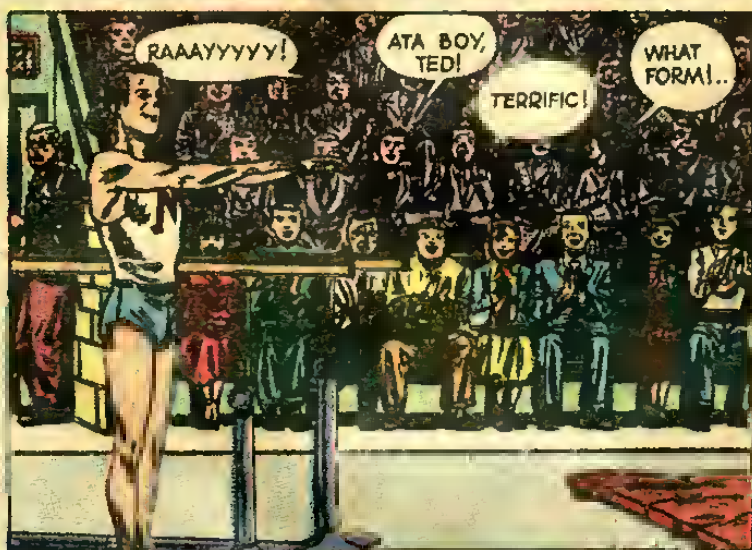
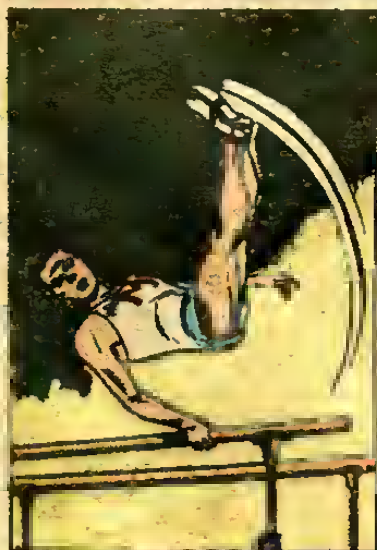
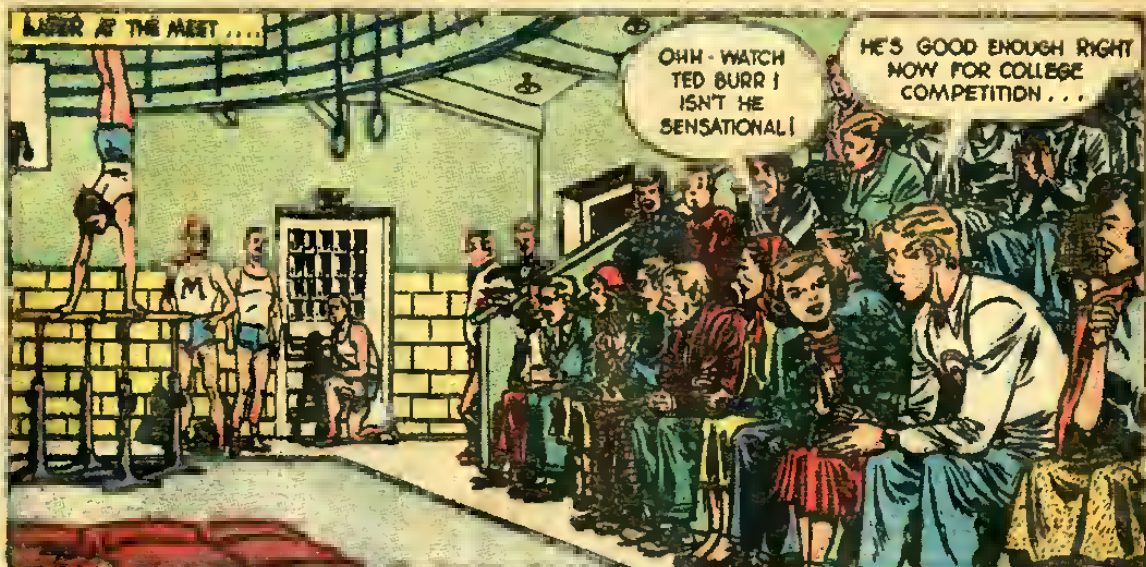


I DON'T  
KNOW  
AT THE  
MOMENT..  
OH-HI, SUE

HI!... WE  
BETTER HURRY  
CHICK- WE'LL BE  
LATE!

SEE YOU  
LATER, KIDS!..  
HAVE A GOOD  
TIME!



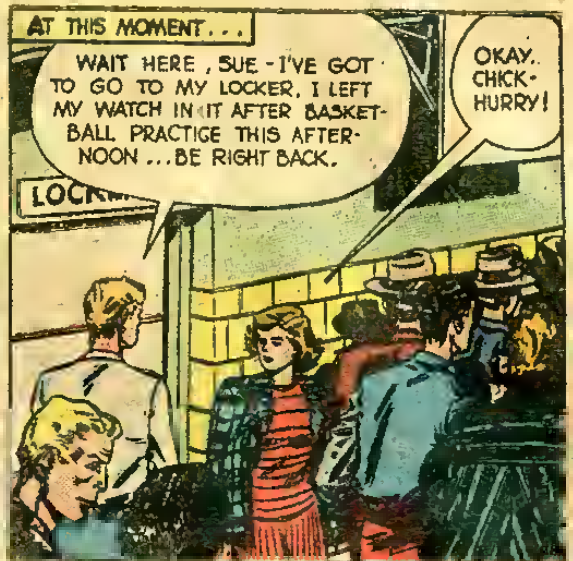






YOU'RE MY SON AND YOU'LL ACCOUNT TO ME EVEN IF I HAVE TO THRASH IT OUT OF YOU...TALK!

I... I TOLD YOU... I'VE GOT A JOB... A GOOD JOB! I'M A SALESMAN FOR A COMPANY IN REINER TOWN.



AT THIS MOMENT...

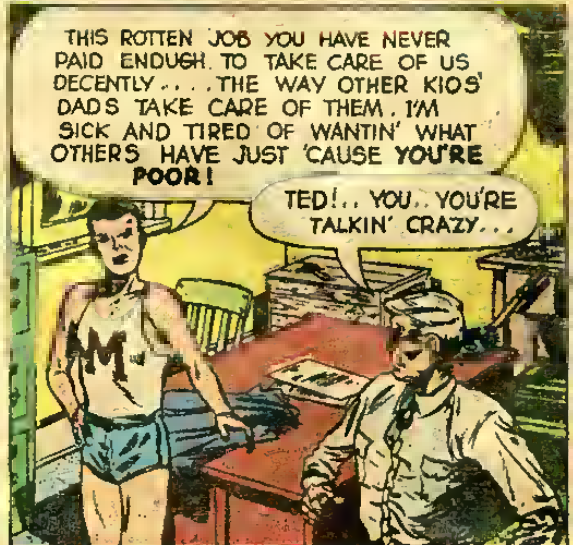
WAIT HERE, SUE - I'VE GOT TO GO TO MY LOCKER, I LEFT MY WATCH IN IT AFTER BASKETBALL PRACTICE THIS AFTERNOON... BE RIGHT BACK.

OKAY, CHICK - HURRY!



YOU'RE LYING, TED... I CHECKED ABOUT THIS JOB OF YOURS... I WENT TO REINERTOWN... THERE IS NO COMPANY CALLED THE OPPORTUNITY SALES ORGANIZATION!

SPYING ON ME, HUH? OKAY, POP... I WAS LYIN'... BUT LET ME - JUST WARN YOU TO KEEP OUT OF MY BUSINESS!



THIS ROTTEN JOB YOU HAVE NEVER PAID ENOUGH TO TAKE CARE OF US DECENTLY... THE WAY OTHER KIDS' DADS TAKE CARE OF THEM, I'M SICK AND TIRED OF WANTIN' WHAT OTHERS HAVE JUST 'CAUSE YOU'RE POOR!

TED!... YOU... YOU'RE TALKIN' CRAZY...



I... I'VE ALWAYS EARNED A GOOD LIVING... SUPPORTED YOU DECENTLY... WE... WE'RE POOR, BUT WE DON'T OWE A PENNY... WE EAT WELL... A NICE HOME... I... I DON'T UNDERSTAND!

DON'T TRY, DAD! AN' DON'T MIX INTO MY AFFAIRS ANYMORE I KNOW WHAT I WANT AN' WHAT I'M DOIN'!



TED!... WAIT!

LEMME ALONE!



LATE THAT NIGHT, CHICK MAKES A POINT OF CHECKING UP ON TED BURR....

GOLLY, CHICK!... I'VE NEVER BEEN TO A PLACE LIKE THIS BEFORE!

ME NEITHER BUT ITS IN THE LINE OF DUTY, I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT MORE ABOUT TED'S ACTIVITIES!

YOU'RE WONDERFUL, TED... SIMPLY!..THE BEST ATHLETE IN SCHOOL AND YOU'VE ALWAYS GOT PLENTY OF MONEY NOW TO TAKE ME OUT.. AN' YOU'RE THE ONLY FELLOW IN SCHOOL WITH A SLICK CAR ALL YOUR OWN!

I GOT SICK AN' TIRED OF SEEIN' YOU RICH KIDS HAVE ALL THE FUN.. NOW I'M AS GOOD AS ANY OF YOU!

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE, SUE - I'VE LEARNED ALL I NEED TO KNOW!

THANK GOODNESS THE SMOKE IN THIS PLACE WAS MAKING MY EYES TEAR!

NOW WILL YOU PLEASE TELL ME WHAT THAT WAS ALL ABOUT, CHICK? WHAT IF TED IS EARNING ENOUGH MONEY TO SPEND ALOT?.. HE'S TOLD EVERYONE HE HAS A GOOD JOB!

THERE IS NO JOB SUE... I HEARD HIM ADMIT THAT TO HIS FATHER TONIGHT.. SO WHERE DOES ALL HIS MONEY COME FROM?..

WHY??...I.. I DON'T KNOW..

SEE IF THIS STRIKES A 'CHORD'.. "HEIGHT 5 FEET 8.. WEIGHT ABOUT 140... BROWN HAIR.... AN EXCELLANT ATHLETE, SURE OF BALANCE, ABLE TO DIVE THROUGH THE AIR WITH EASE OF A TRAPEZE ARTIST".

THAT... THAT'S A DESCRIPTION OF...TH THE BLACK SATIN KID!

EXACTLY!



THE NEXT DAY AT INNER CIRCLE HEADQUARTERS...

I WANT A CHECK ON TED'S MOVEMENTS... WHERE HE GOES, HOW MUCH MONEY HE SPENDS, WHO HE SEES... AND I DON'T WANT HIM NOR ANYONE TO SUSPECT HE'S BEING WATCHED!

OKAY, CHICK.

WE'D BETTER BREAK IT UP INTO SHIFTS...

I'LL PICK HIM UP AT THE GYM AND TAKE HIM THROUGH TO 7:00...



OKAY, APPLE... CALL ME AT MY HOUSE AROUND 6:45 AND TELL ME WHERE TO PICK HIM UP... I'LL TAKE A SHIFT UNTIL 9:00

I'LL TAKE THE DOG WATCH UNTIL HE GOES HOME...

I'LL STICK HERE AT THE CLUB, IF ANYTHING INTERESTING COMES UP, CALL ME.



THAT NIGHT AT 7:00...

HSSST-SUE! OVER HERE!

WHAT? OH, APPLE! YOU STARTLED ME! UH, EVERYTHING OKAY?

YEAH-BUT I HEARD HIM MAKE A DATE OVER THE PHONE WITH SOMEBODY FOR SEVENTH-TYRTHY SO HE'LL BE COMIN' OUT SOON!



HIDE IN HERE. HE LEAVES IT OPEN THAT'S HOW I FOLLOWED HIM HERE.

OKAY I.I HOPE ITS NOT TOO DIRTY OR TOO BUMPY!

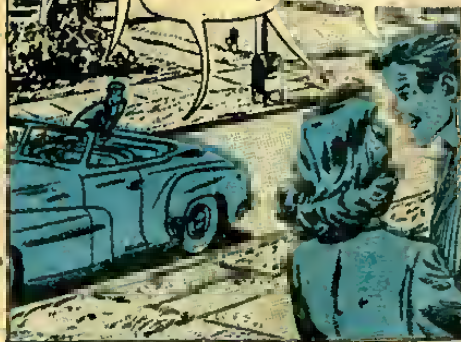


SORRY YOU CAN'T STAY TONIGHT TED, UH.. GOT ANOTHER DATE?

JIGGERS-HERE HE COMES! GOOD LUCK!

TH-THANKS!

HE HE... BUT NO COMPETITION FOR YOU, SANDRA, SEE YOU TOMORROW!



HMMM.. GOLLY NOW I'M GETTIN' WORRIED.. MAYBE I SHOULD'VE GONE WITH SUE, IF HE'S UP TO ANYTHING AN' HE CATCHES HER BACK THERE.. GOLLY!





A SHORT TIME LATER IN A DERELICT  
SECTION OF MIDVALE...



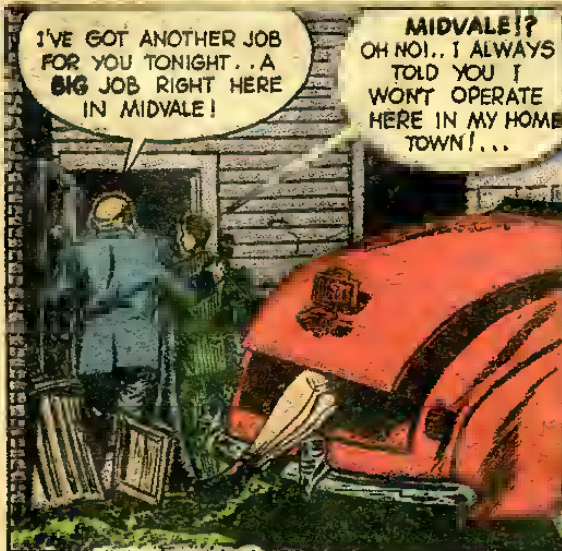
'BOUT TIME YOU WAS  
GETTIN' HERE!



HI, BIG JAKE...  
WHAT'S EATING YOU?...I'M  
ONLY TEN MINUTES LATE!

I'VE GOT ANOTHER JOB  
FOR YOU TONIGHT...A  
BIG JOB RIGHT HERE  
IN MIDVALE!

MIDVALE!?  
OH NO!..I ALWAYS  
TOLD YOU I  
WONT OPERATE  
HERE IN MY HOME  
TOWN!...



DONT BE A JERK!  
YOU'VE BEEN YELLIN' YOU  
WANT A BIG HAUL...  
THERE'S A CHANCE FOR  
US TO CLEAN UP 5000  
DOLLARS ON THIS JOB

\$5000...WOW!  
MAYBE...MAYBE  
IT WOULD BE  
WORTH THE  
CHANCE...  
WHAT'S THE  
LAYOUT?



THE MIDVALE HOTEL...ROOM 1507  
..THE GUY IN THAT ROOM TONIGHT  
IS CARRYING CUT DIAMONDS..HE  
KEEPS 'EM UNDER HIS SHIRTS IN THE  
BUREAU...I WAS WITH HIM...I  
SAW HIM PUT 'EM THERE...

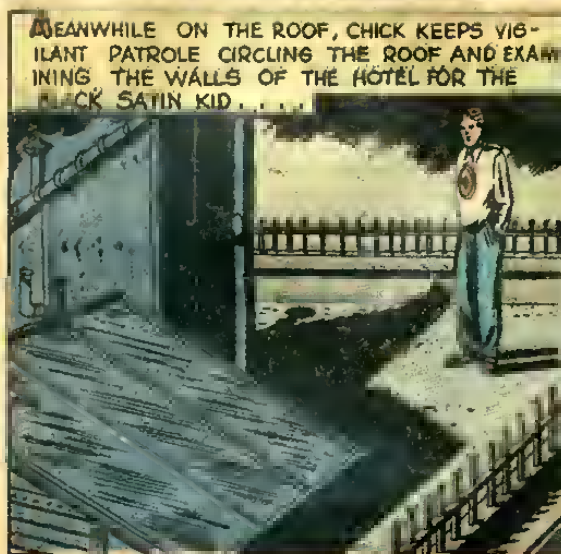
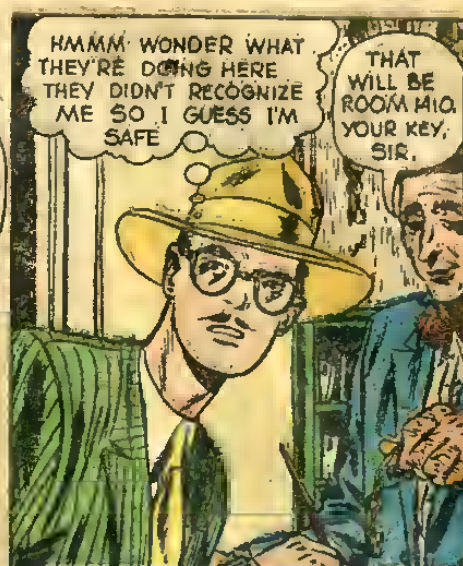
THAT'S \$2500  
A PIECE...  
I CAN DO ALOT  
WITH THAT..  
I'LL BE RICHER  
THAN ANY O'  
THE OTHER KIDS  
OKAY!...IT'S  
A DEAL!



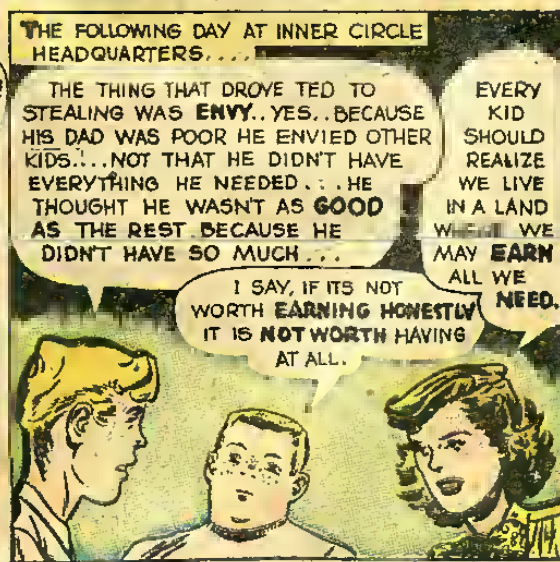
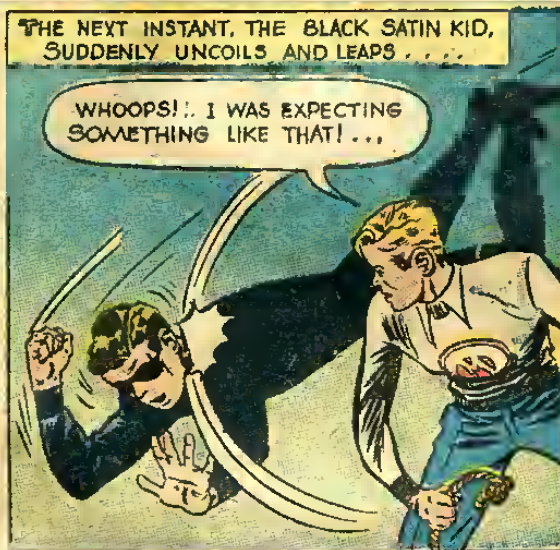
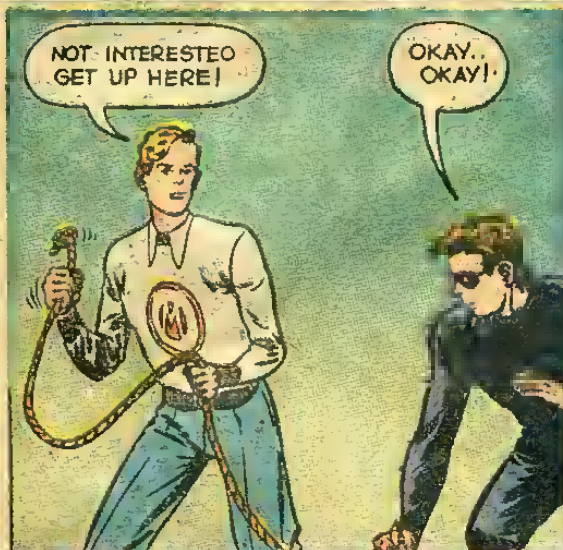
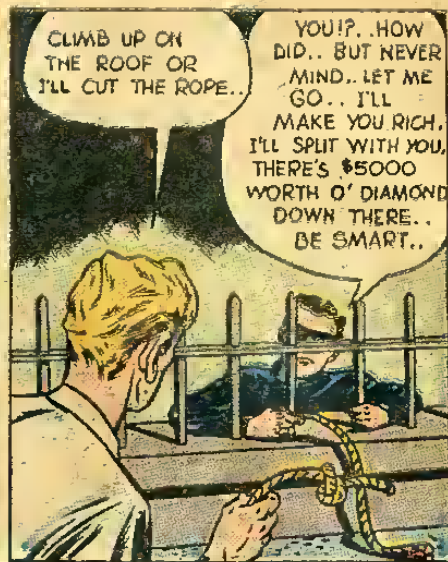
GOLLY!..CHICK IS RIGHT  
ABOUT TED...I  
HOPE WE CAN STOP  
HIM!





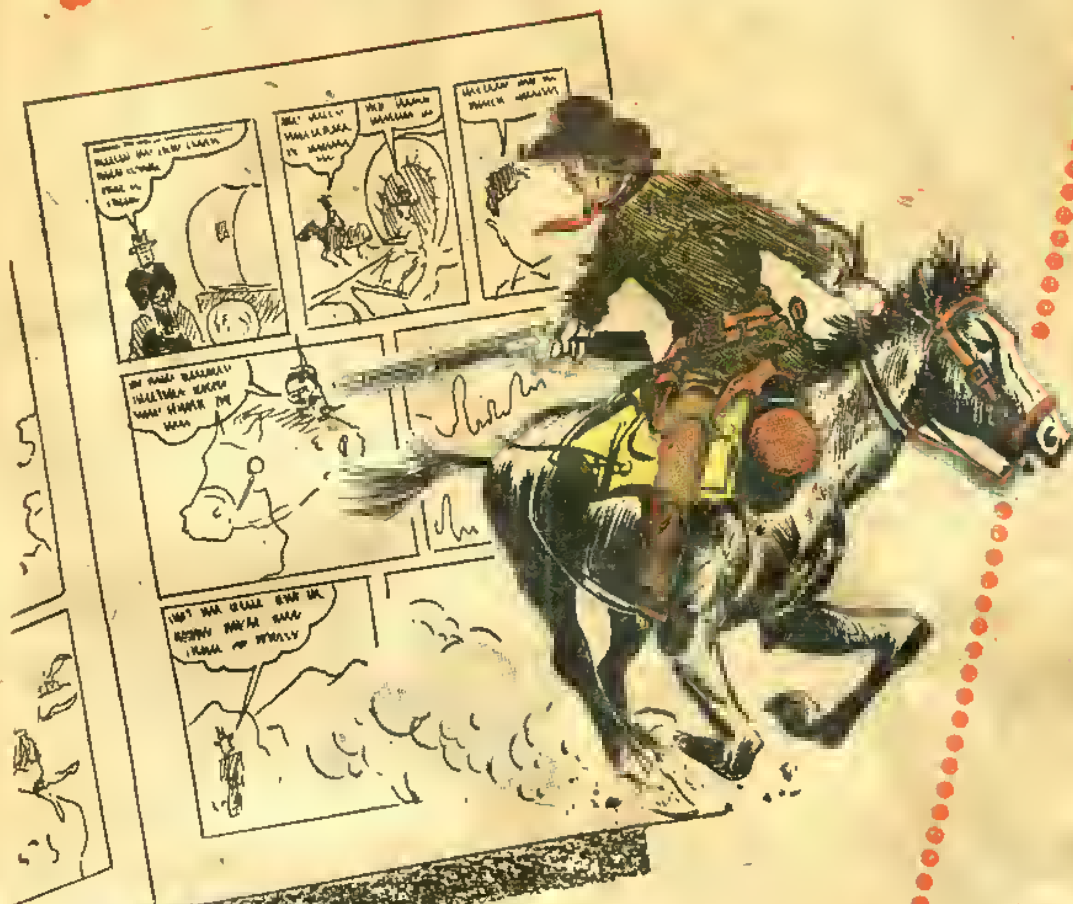








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# Shadow Comics

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

## CHICK CARTER'S INNER CIRCLE

### THE AMBER CLUE . . .

"All the lights in the office were out." Nick Carter said. He looked at the members of the Inner Circle. It was clear that he was seeing a whole scene in his mind's eye. "On the floor, near a desk the murdered man was sprawled with that empty, boneless look that so many of the dead have.

"The only light to see by came from a sign outside the window. Reversed letters were thrown on the floor. They took me a moment to figure out. They read, 'Rolph & Bros.' It was in neon and cast a hideous light.

"The 'and' sign was right across the dead man's face. It looked like some bizarre tattoo. This light, the body, the sound of traffic from the street below all combined to make a macabre picture. It wasn't helped much by the way the dead man's assistant was carrying on. He was almost sobbing.

"He kept saying over and over again, 'I heard Mr. Rolph call for help, then there was the sound of a shot . . . and I ran in and found this. . . .'"

Chick said, "The dead man said something just before he died according to the assistant, Moriarity . . . didn't he?"

"Yes, that was another thing that Moriarity kept repeating . . . What could he have meant by 'over the amber sands'? The police disregarded this, thinking that the words were just delirium. We didn't know it then, but, 'over the amber sands' was the solution of the case," Nick said. He paused, took a sip of water and went on, "The problem was a curious one. Moriarity was the first one on the scene of the crime. He said he saw the office door that led to the elevator closing as he came through another door.

"But no one saw anyone take the elevator. The doors to the stairs were locked. Seemingly the killer and the murder weapon had vanished into this air.

"A girl secretary had come into the room just as Rolph died. She too had heard him murmur the cryptic sentence about the 'amber sand' or 'amber sands'. She was too far away to be sure which the dying man had said.

"We looked out the window through which the light flickered. Ten stories below we could see ant-like people scurrying about their business. There was no fire escape at this side of the building. If the killer hadn't gone out the window, and if he hadn't taken the elevator, and if we were to believe that he hadn't used the stairs then it seemed quite clear that he was still on the tenth floor.

"The police tore the floor apart. They looked in every office, in every broom closet, but it was to no avail."

"By the way," Chick interjected, "you'd better explain how come the elevator operator was so sure that no one had used the car at the time the murder was committed."

"Yes, that was a relevant point. Only two express elevators came up to the tenth floor. One, by accident, was out of commission. If the two cars had been running then there might have been some discrepancy of observation. But there was just the one car, and one operator. He was sure that not only had no killer used his car, but no one had for the half hour following the time of the killing."

"If the killer had known that, the circumstances might have been different, dad," Chick said.

"Yes, the accident to the elevator and the fact that no one had occasion to use the one



car in operation was unpredictable. The killer could not have taken that into account.

"There were three people in Rolph's office. Moriarity, the girl secretary and a timid looking salesman who had come into the office trying to sell insurance. He was quite upset about becoming involved in a murder investigation. He kept saying that his wife would be very angry about his coming home late. . ."

"By the time I got there," Chick said, "all the lights were on, the police were using flash bulbs to take pictures of the position of the corpse, men were finger-printing everything in sight. It was a regular beehive of activity."

"If it hadn't been for the lights being on," Nick said, "you might have solved the case even quicker than you did, son." He beamed at his foster son.

Chick tried to look modest and failed. "Aw . . . I just kept out of everyone's way and brooded about what the dying man had said. In the first place there was no sand, amber colored or any other color in the office. I puzzled about that and finally went to the window and looked out. I didn't even see the neon sign first . . . and, come to think of it, even after I saw the significance of the 'amber sands', I fouled it all up, it was you who saw what it really meant!"

Nick chuckled, "Let's not play Alphonse and Gaston. It was you who solved it. I just found the gun after you had had your brain storm!"

"I looked at the sign and looked at it." Chick said, "'Rolph & Sons.' It was almost too close to see. When it finally hit me, I gasped and pointed at the sign. Dad followed my finger and said, 'What is it son? What do you see?'"

"I gargled . . . the 'and' sign . . . what's the real name of that?"

"Why . . . it's called an ampersand . . ." Nick said picking up the story. "You see what had occurred? The dying man had gasped, 'Over the ampersand. . .' Since it didn't make any sense Moriarity had repeated it as amber sands . . . I almost had to grab hold of Chick's pants as he leaned out the window to look on top of the ampersand in the neon sign."

"Did I feel like a dope when after I had looked and looked at the sign I could see nothing!" Chick said, "I had been sure the killer had put the gun on top of the ampersand. . . I figured the dying man saw this and was trying to tell us."

"That was what really did happen." Nick said. "But it was not the real ampersand . . . but the ghost of it that held the real secret! When I realized that Chick had found nothing on the sign, I turned to the police and had them turn out the lights in the office."

"Once again that strange tattoo-like shadow of the ampersand was thrown across the face of the corpse. I looked at it for a moment and then looked up. 'Over the ampersand. . .'"

"Directly above the corpse was a lighting fixture. I got a chair and climbing on it reached into the fixture. Nothing . . . my fingers felt nothing at all."

"At that moment, Moriarity let out a strangled cry and tried to race out the door. Chick, nearby, put out a foot and tripped him. The police grabbed him. I was still on tip toe on the chair. I stopped and thought: a moment. If the killer had just placed the gun in the shade of the light it would have cast a shadow of the gun. I reached up above the fixture and there, balanced precariously, I found the gun!"

"That did it." Chick said. "Moriarity had killed his boss, put the gun in the fixture right in view of the dying man and then, as the secretary walked in, he leaped down to the side of the dying man. He didn't understand the message so he thought it was all right to repeat it to us!"

"Besides," Nick amplified, "he didn't know how much the secretary had overheard . . . and since the message seemed insane he felt free to retell it to us!"

The meeting ended there. Beef left with Sue. He said, "So, if the elevator hadn't been broken everyone might have thought that the killer had escaped and they never would have looked for the gun! Almost seems as if murderer MUST out!"

Sue nodded as they walked away from the meeting house.



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# Sometimes women have to carry the banners

PERHAPS you'll see the story of Joan of Arc, as portrayed on the screen by Miss Ingrid Bergman.

It's a thrilling episode in the world's history, proving that sometimes a woman must take the lead in the fight she believes in. Modern women, too, must often pick up the banners . . . in their struggle for the security and well-being of their family.

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